Vol 8 The War Illustrated N° 185

SIXPENCE Edited by Sir John Hammerton JULY 21, 1944

OPENING THE GATES OF FRANCE REDEEMED—symbolic of the complete liberation of all enemy-occupied territories—General de Gaulle (right), accompanied by high-ranking French officers, enters Bayeux, cleared of the Germans by our Forces on June 8, 1944. First French town to be freed, Bayeux has twice before been occupied by English soldiers—in 1346, at the start of the Hundred Years War, and again in 1417, in the reign of King Henry V.

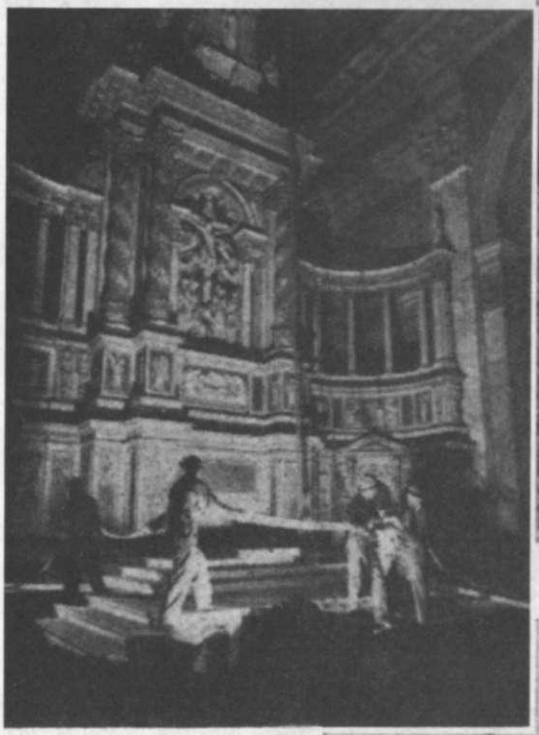
Photo, Planet News

NO. 186 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

Behind-the-War Scenes With Our Roving Camera

MAIL FOR MERCHANT NAVY officers and men in ships supplying the Allied forces in France is handled by Combined Office Merchant Navy Operations (COMNO). These girls are sorting a day's accumulation of letters.

A.T.S. POLICEWOMEN training for service with the troops in Normandy are given a lesson in French during a lecture on French Local Administration by Warrant-Officer J. Christie, of the Army Education Corps.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL provides fire-watchers with plenty of exercise. Above, a midnight alert has sounded. Swiftly, working by torch-light, team members run out a length of hose—with the towering reredos as background. The reredos is undamaged, though the altar in front of it was smashed when the cathedral was hit during one of the early air raids. The height of the building is such that upper parts are beyond the "throw" of any fire-pump; special pumping machinery carries water to the lofty dome.

STEEL HELMETS FOR LAND ARMY GIRLS is the order of the day in Kent, coastal county which since the early months of the war has been continually exposed to front-line perils. With the advent of the flying bomb this headgear is still more desirable.

R.A.S.C. TRANSPORT CORPS animals are in readiness to replace lorries and cars in "difficult" terrain. Animals, officers and men go through strenuous courses. Right, limber teams riding rough country: a test of endurance which only the fittest in man, animal and machine survives.

Photos, Associated Press, Topical Press, Keystone, Fox

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE end of June found the Germans in by far the most serious strategical situation they had yet to face. The fall of Cherbourg meant the definite establishment of a western front, and the rapid collapse of their defensive position in White Russia was a disaster which knocked out the king pin of their eastern front. Both were strategic disasters of the first order and both revealed the immense offensive power the Allies had developed. The situation in Italy had also deteriorated so greatly that it had been necessary to send reserves to the German general Kesselring which could ill be spared from France and yet were insufficient to give him much hope of stabilizing his front. If Cherbourg had stood a prolonged siege, even if it had held out for a month or six weeks, it would have gone far to reduce the value of the footing the Allies had gained in Normandy. The footing could undoubtedly have been firmly held and possibly have been considerably extended, but no far-reaching offensive operations could have been undertaken from it until an adequate port was secured.

It is in fact astonishing that it was practicable, in spite of desperately unfavourable weather, to disembark reinforcements and supplies on the beaches sufficient to maintain the offensive operations which led to the capture of the fortress and pinned down Rommel's reserves. It must be realized, however, that a general offensive and an advance to more distant objectives would have entailed immense and constantly increasing demands which a beach organization could not have met. Only the most perfect organization could have met requirements during the first three weeks, and we have yet to learn what the effort cost in loss of stores and landing craft from weather alone, though we know it must have been high.

The final assault on Cherbourg was delivered with immense dash and determination; coupled with the tactical skill shown in outflanking and by-passing the enemy's strong points, it is evidence of the very high standard of training that has been reached by American troops. The success of the operation, however, depended largely on whether Rommel could be prevented from intervening with his armoured reserves. That he was unable to make any counter-attack from outside the ring of encirclement was entirely due to the vigorous offensive attitude of the British and Canadian troops in the Caen-Tilly area which pinned all his available reserves to that sector of his front. That offensive action must, however, have made heavy demands on the reserves of munitions and material which Montgomery had been able to accumulate—demands which might rapidly have increased if Rommel had been able to launch an attack on a large scale.

CHERBOURG was Intended to Withstand a Long Siege

I think it will therefore be recognized that under the conditions of weather which made the replenishment of munitions, supplies and full air co-operation uncertain, Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery made a notably bold decision when they refused to be deterred from pursuing their offensive policy. Less determined leaders might well have been tempted to adopt a defensive attitude until conditions were more favourable, and thus have lost the opportunity of exploiting the initial success of the landing. That the Germans fully realized the strategic importance of denying Cherbourg to the Allies and that they had taken every precaution to enable it to stand a long siege cannot be questioned. The mere fact that they entrusted its defence to somewhat inferior troops is proof of their reliance on its impregnability.

The collapse of the front in White Russia may have more immediately disastrous results. The consequences of the loss of Cherbourg may not be fully felt for some time, but in Russia the whole structure of the front is crumbling. I admit that I had thought, after the Russian successes of the winter which enabled them to threaten the positions at Vitebsk and on the upper Dnieper from both flanks, that the Germans were only clinging to that line in order to hold the Red Army at a distance and to blunt the edge of any offensive delivered against it. The position was obviously strong and very large forces would be needed to capture it, which seemed to make it probable that the Russians would select weaker sections of the front for their initial offensive. If, however, a major offensive developed here I believed that the Germans would resort to elastic delaying defence, and carry out a well-planned co-ordinated withdrawal to a shorter front.

IN the light of events it would seem that the Germans were over-confident in the strength of the position, and, believing that the main Russian offensive would come on Marshal Zhukov's front towards Lvov, were surprised by the weight of the offensive north of the Pripet and the time of its delivery. Possibly they considered that the preparations for the offensive, which they must have observed, only indicated a threat designed to draw their reserves northwards. This would explain why they seem to have left the bulk of their Panzer Divisions with Von Manstein and to have been weak in the air when the blow fell. Here again they may have used too high a proportion of inferior divisions in what they assumed to be impregnable defences; otherwise it is difficult to understand the rapidity with which the Russian victory was achieved.

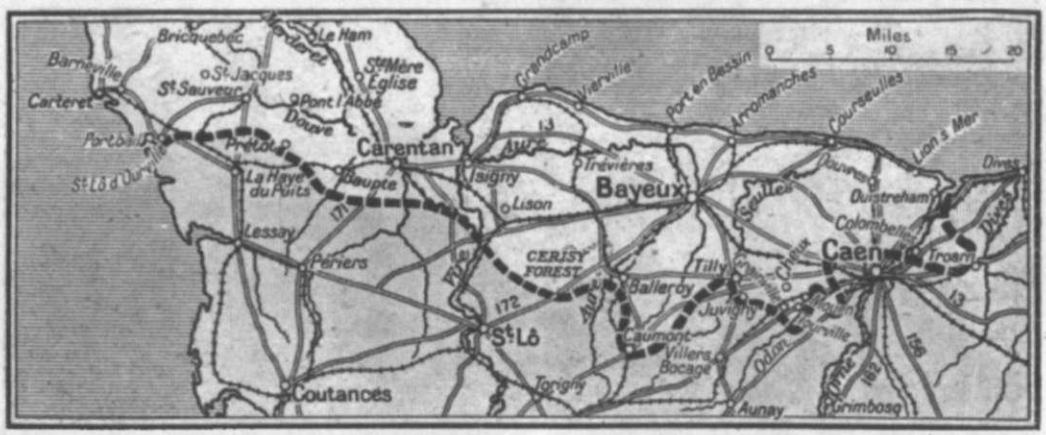
When the danger was fully realized the lack of good and direct lateral communications must have been felt, making it impossible to rush up reserves from other sectors in time to attempt to retrieve the situation. Nor can it have been possible to dispute seriously the air superiority the Russians had established, for many of the German airfields in the combat zone had been overrun or put out of action at an early stage. Once air superiority, or anything approaching equality, is lost it is difficult to recover; and almost impossible when the army which relies on it is in retreat.

KEY-POINT Encirclement Plan Gains Soviet Victories

Although the Germans must have envisaged the possibility of being compelled to withdraw from Vitebsk and the upper Dnieper at some stage, it is quite clear that they have not voluntarily withdrawn on a preconceived plan and that they have suffered an unexpected and crushing disaster. The Russian plan of encircling each of the key-points of the front while combining it with a wider pincer attack towards Minsk, which might have provided a rallying pivot in rear, was well designed to break up attempts to carry out a well co-ordinated last minute withdrawal.

The amazing capture of Minsk a few hours after the Germans had broadcast that it must and would be held at all costs came as a surprise even to those who realized the state of demoralization of Busch's troops, of which the capture and killing of so many senior generals is convincing proof. The city was apparently taken without severe fighting, in spite of the arrival of fresh reinforcements, and its abandonment was evidently due to a panic decision—for although it was bound to fall in due course, the Russians' outflanking thrust could hardly have been strong enough to effect immediate encirclement.

We can only conclude that the Russians have again shown an amazing ability to break through the strongest defences, and what is even more surprising, the Germans have again signally failed in defence of much stronger positions than the Russians have successfully held on other occasions. Comparing the defence of Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad with the rapid failure of the German defence on the Don, at Orel, in the Crimea and now at Cherbourg and Vitebsk, one wonders if there is something radically wrong with German tactical theories. I suspect that when it comes to the attack or defence of really strongly fortified positions the Germans pay the penalty for over-reliance on armour to the neglect of developing the full power of artillery, to which both in attack and defence the Russians have owed their successes. Armour is, of course, of immense value in mobile operations and as a co-operative weapon, but infantry and artillery are still the dominant arms when armies are locked in close combat.



BATTLE FOR CAEN flared up afresh on June 25, 1944, when British infantry of the 2nd Army broke out of the Normandy beach-head perimeter, which had been static for two weeks, and drove a salient into enemy positions S.W. of that town. Our armour and infantry crossed the River Odon on a front of two miles on June 28 and established a bridgehead towards the River Orne which withstood several sharp counter-attacks. The approximate position on June 30 is indicated above.

By courtesy of The Times

British 2nd Army in the Normandy Campaign

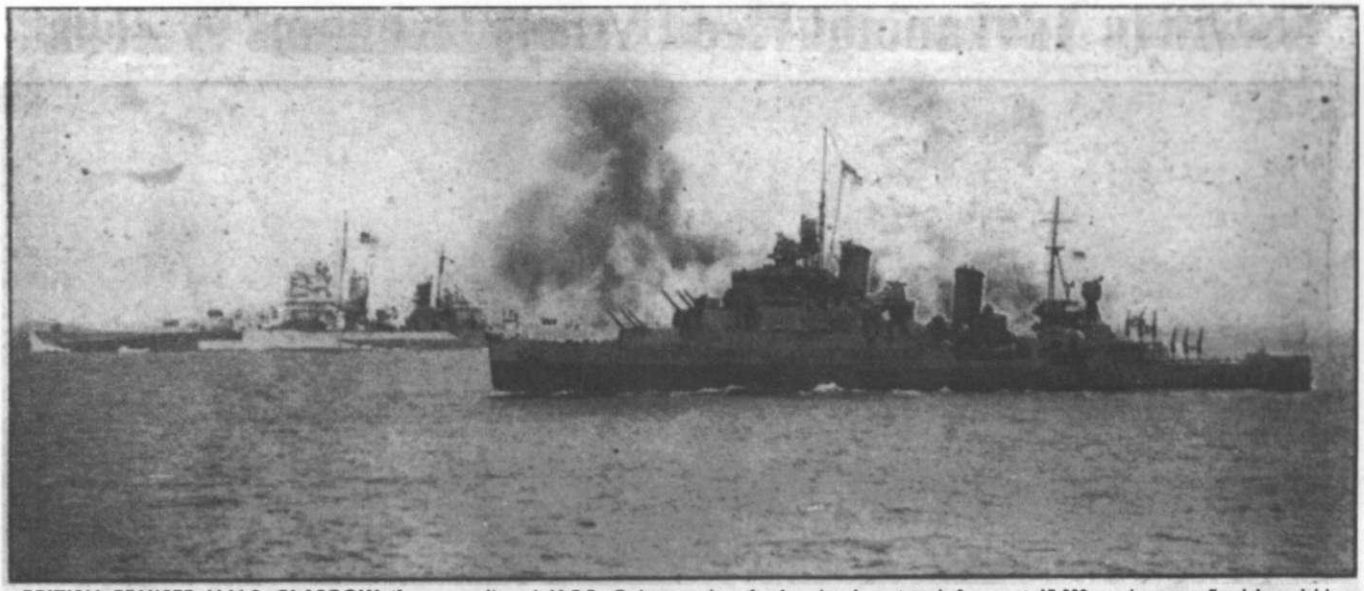
GERMAN SNIPER whose last battle has been fought and lost lies prone beside a knocked-out enemy tank (1) in the Tilly-Caen sector of the Normandy front; just ahead of the tank a British soldier, wearing the new type steel helmet, snipes from the cover of a thicket. Captured in heavy fighting during the last week of June 1944 two German officers tramp back to a prisoners' compound under the watchful eye of a cheery, diminutive Tommy (2). Enemy snipers had the exact range of an exposed spot on a road used by our infantry; speedy but cautious movement was called for (3). Across open country a British assault wave, of which these two are members (4), eager to get to work with the bayonet, went into the attack in the Tilly area on June 26. As a result of brilliant operations extending over 30 days, the key-town of Caen was captured by British and Canadian troops on July 9, and Rommel was in slow retreat.

Photos, British Official

Swiftly Advancing Red Army Regains Vitebsk

IN THE BIG SOVIET OFFENSIVE hourly gaining momentum, forces of the 1st Baltic Front, commanded by General Bagramyan, and of the 3rd White Russian Front, under General Chernyakhovosky, in Central Russia on June 25, 1944, captured Vitebsk, covering the approaches to East Prussia, a fortress in German hands since July 1941. Red Army men wave tommy-guns in captured Vitebsk and their cheers re-echo across the River Dvina (top). Citizens crowd round the victors (bottom) after three years of savage German occupation of their town. Rolling on in three thrusts (see arrowed map), by July 3 the Russians had taken Minsk, last great fortress held by the Germans in White Russia.

Photos, Pictorial Press. Map by courtesy of News Chronicle



BRITISH CRUISER H.M.S. GLASGOW (foreground) and U.S.S. Quincy, units of a bombardment task force, at 15,000 yards range fired broadside after broadside into German shore batteries at key-points on the fringe of Cherbourg Harbour, enemy long-range and shore batteries returning the fire vigorously until silenced. This bombardment, in support of our ground forces, started shortly after midday on June 25, 1944, and lasted more than three hours.

Photo British Official: Crown Copyright

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

FINNISH insistence on fighting to the last ditch for the benefit of Germany must inevitably affect the naval situation in the Baltic. Already the enemy, in accordance with the pact made by Ribbentrop with the Finnish Government, has been obliged to send some of his scanty reserve of troops to the aid of the Finns. These forces were landed at Helsinki (the Finnish capital) and at Turku. The former port is situated on the Gulf of Finland near its narrowest point. Approach to the harbour is guarded by the fortress of Sveaborg, which was bombarded by the British fleet during the war of 1854-56; in those days, of course, Finland was an appanage of Russia, as it looks like becoming again before long.

Turku, formerly known as Abo, is about 100 miles farther west, outside the gulf. At a shipbuilding yard there submarines were built to German designs during 1929-33, when U-boat construction was still prohibited in Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. In this way our enemies carried out useful experimental work, which enabled them to resume submarine construction in good time for the present war without infringing the letter of the Treaty. At the same time, the Finnish Navy was enabled to acquire a number of submarines for next to nothing.

TRANSPORTS bringing the German troops to these two places were escorted by the heavy cruisers Admiral Hipper and Prinz Eugen, a "pocket battleship" (either the Lützow or Admiral Scheer), and three destroyers. These constitute the backbone of the German Navy, for its only two genuine battleships, the 45,000-ton Tirpitz and 26,000-ton Gneisenau, are completely disabled, and incapable of proceeding to sea. In addition to the duties just accomplished, these ships will have to undertake the task of convoying to Ulu (formerly known as Uleaborg), the Finnish port near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, reinforcements and supplies for the German army which occupies Northern Finland. Until his death in a flying accident recently, this army was under the command of General Dietl.

It may be assumed that the Soviet armies will continue their advance along both the northern and southern shores of the Gulf of Finland, supported by the ships of the Baltic Fleet. These comprise two old battleships of over 23,000 tons, three or four cruisers, and a number of destroyers and smaller craft. Sooner or later these movements will have the effect of exposing German sea lines of communication with Northern Finland to attack by Soviet submarines, motor-torpedo-boats and aircraft, which have already done serious damage to German coastal traffic along the Estonian coast.

RUSSIAN and German Naval Strengths in the Baltic

To strengthen their position the Germans are believed to contemplate the occupation of the Aaland Islands. From their position at the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia, flanking the approaches to the Gulf of Finland to the south-eastward, and to Stockholm south-westward, these islands have always been a key-point in Baltic warfare. In past centuries they have belonged sometimes to Russia and sometimes to Sweden, but since 1919 they have been Finnish. A naval action was fought there between Russian and Swedish squadrons in 1790; and in 1854 the island stronghold of Bomarsund was reduced by a British squadron under Captain W. H. Hall, as a preliminary operation of the Baltic campaign.

Since the strength of the Russian Navy in the Baltic is no more than equal to that of the German, it has been suggested in the Soviet press that reinforcements may be sent through the Stalin Ship Canal by the Allies. This canal connects Soroka, on the White Sea, with Leningrad, and its whole course has now been freed by the defeat of the Finnish forces in that region. These do not appear to have done any important damage to the locks. Much of the course of the canal follows natural features, making use of the river Svir and Lakes Ladoga, Onega and Vyg as part of the route. Depth of water is sufficient to take the largest destroyers, or even light cruisers.

In the English Channel naval interference by the enemy with the sea communications of the Allies grows steadily weaker, while the occupation of Cherbourg affords the Allies the inestimable advantage of a fine protected harbour through which men and materials can be poured into Normandy at a much more rapid rate. In almost every encounter the Germans have lost a unit or two, either destroyers, motor-torpedo-boats or minesweepers, so that their forces must now be seriously depleted. Air raids on Havre and Boulogne have inflicted further losses.

There has been little mention of U-boats in this connexion, though before the invasion the German public were told that these were being reserved for this especial purpose. Now it is argued by the enemy that submarines are at too great a disadvantage in the narrow and shallow waters of the Channel.

According to later reports from Admiral Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, the defeat inflicted on the Japanese off the Mariana Islands was more severe than at first believed, although the ships of the opposing fleets never sighted each other. It is evident that the Japanese attached considerable importance to the retention of the island of Saipan, in the Marianas, which is capable of being used as a base for attacks on Japan. With the exception of Guam, captured from the Americans in December 1941, it is the most populous and highly cultivated island of the group. That the Japanese garrison was a strong one may be judged from the fact that United States Marines and Army formations struggling for its possession lost, between June 15 and 28, no fewer than 9,752 officers and men in killed, wounded and missing. What this means will be realized when it is added that the total U.S. casualties in Normandy from June 6 to June 20, including hard fighting with a German division which was carrying out an anti-invasion exercise at the point where American troops landed, were not more than 24,162.

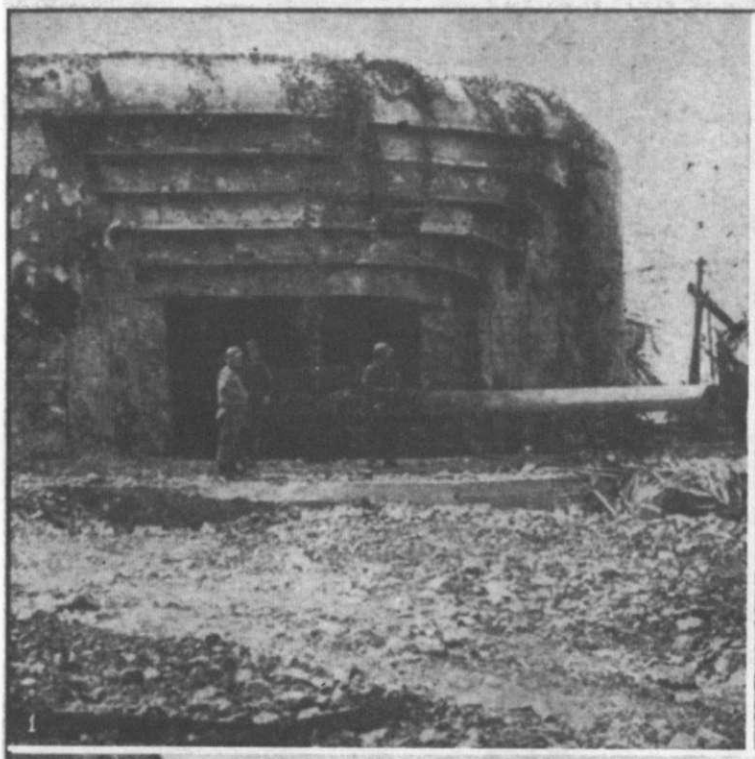
IN addition to a fleet aircraft carrier, two oil tankers and probably a destroyer, the Japanese fleet attacked by U.S. naval aircraft between the Marianas and the Philippines is now known to have lost a second aircraft carrier of smaller size. A large aircraft carrier is also believed to have been sunk by an American submarine. The fleet carrier of the Syokaku type already known to have been damaged is now stated to have been hit by three 1,000-lb. bombs, and a light carrier by seven of 500 lb. Therefore, not less than five enemy aircraft carriers have been either sunk or put out of action for some time to come. Enemy aircraft destroyed over Saipan totalled 402. Conquest of Saipan was completed on July 8.

British Troops March Through Freed Bayeux

STALWARTS OF OUR 2nd ARMY marching triumphantly through the cobbled streets of ancient Bayeux on June 8, 1944, were warmly welcomed. The German occupiers had been killed or ejected or taken prisoner—though the crack of a sniper's rifle still rang out occasionally. At that early date of the Normandy campaign Bayeux had the distinction of being the first French town to be set free. Also it had the good fortune to escape bombardment; the 13th-century cathedral (in background) showed no sign of damage.

Photo, British Official

Great Climax of Allied Assault on Cherbourg—



ONE OF THE FINEST DEEP-WATER HARBOURS in Europe was secured to the Allies when strongly fortified Cherbourg in Normandy fell to our forces by June 27, 1944. Large-calibre coastal defence guns in reinforced forts (1) were shattered by air and sea bombardments. Strongpoints were overcome; this fort (2) is being entered by U.S. advanced troops. On the hill overlooking the port these infantrymen (3) were seeking the tunnel entrance to Fort du Roule whilst its batteries still fired.

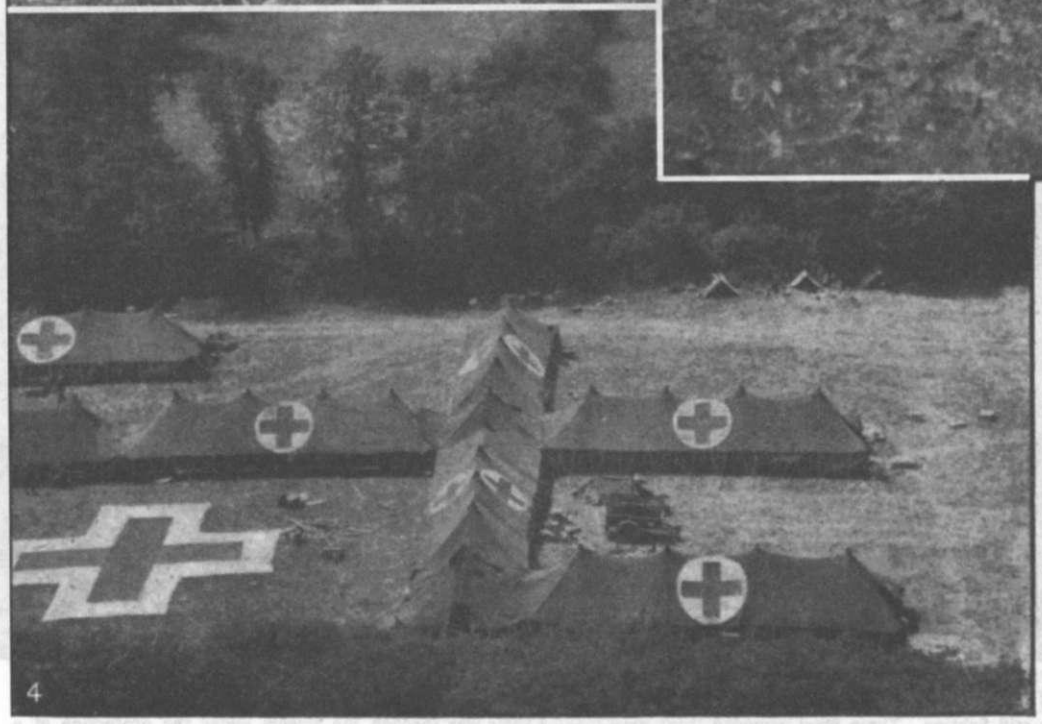
Photos, U.S. Official, Planet News, Associated Press

—Nazi Naval and Military Commanders Surrender

CAPTURED WITH 800 GERMAN TROOPS in a subterranean passage under Fort du Roule on June 26, Lieut.-General Carl Wilhelm von Schlieben, commander of the Cherbourg garrison (centre, facing camera), and Rear-Admiral Hennecke, Sea Defence Commander of Normandy (left), formally surrendered to Major-General W. Lawton Collins (right), commander of the U.S. 7th Corps, at his headquarters after the taking of the town and whilst numbers of Germans were still fighting. These Nazi wounded (top) were making their way through the streets under the protection of a Red Cross flag.

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News

Nurses Were Soon Tending Our Men in France



WITHIN A WEEK of the Allied landings on the Normandy coast, nurses of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, wearing regulation Army battle-dress had crossed over from England to the beach-head and, with the assistance of R.A.M.C. personnel and the Pioneer Corps, had erected marquees and established a fully-equipped general hospital to house 600 patients. Most of these nursing Sisters had seen service before in this war—in France and the Middle East.

Nurses and R.A.M.C. orderlies remove a soldier-patient from the mobile operating theatre (1) back to his bed. Off duty, the nurses live under canvas; they are well versed in the art of adjusting tent-pegs and guy ropes (2). When night bombing is in progress they sleep in slit trenches; here (3) they prepare their beds. A newly-erected American Field Hospital in the Cherbourg peninsula seen from the air (4).

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News

How Crab Tanks Clear the Nazi Minefields

EXPLODING A WIDE PATH for our infantry waiting to advance (1), and for guns, tanks and other vehicles about to go forward (4) through minefields in Normandy, the Crab flail-tank goes ahead and beats the ground with chain-ends, thus setting off buried anti-personnel and anti-tank mines. Close-up of chains (2). The Crab in action (3). Incorporating the best points of three previous types, it helped to clear the invasion beaches before commencing operations inland. The Sherman is the tank chiefly adapted to this purpose.

Photos, British Official

For Lack of a Drink a Battle May Be Lost

Shells, cartridges and food may be in ample supply, and courage and leadership of the highest order, but if thirst afflicts an army all its elaborate equipment may stand for nought. In this page HARRIMAN DICKSON explains how our fighting men on the various fronts are safeguarded against horrors and perils that may arise through lack of water.

An elaborate system of water supply for Second Front troops had been worked out so that when they landed on the coast of Normandy they were able to take their own drinking water with them. Mobile reservoirs, each holding thousands of gallons—taken from reservoirs in this country—had been standing ready. Each is mounted on a railway truck and, the landing effected, they were stationed at supply bases and other strategic points on the invasion coast for immediate dispatch to any of our advancing troops who might encounter water shortage.

New Zealand troops stationed on Nissan Island in the Solomons have their own water diviner, Sergeant L. R. Varnham, who roams the island with his hazel twig searching for supplies. In the hands of an expert, the V-shaped twig jerks spasmodically when the searcher is in the immediate vicinity of an underground spring; and Sergeant Varnham's twig betrays hidden supplies in various parts of that island where fresh water is otherwise difficult to come by.

Remarkable stories can be told of the part played by thirst in this war. In the Libyan campaign the 8th Army needed 5,000 tons of water every day, and to secure it considerable resource and initiative on the part of the Royal Engineers in that arid country were called for. They tapped a variety of sources. From lakes in the highlands of Kenya, Uganda and Abyssinia, water travelled over two thousand miles through the Sudan and Upper Egypt to Cairo and Alexandria. Thence the R.E.s had constructed a pipe-line to Tobruk capable of dealing with 2,500 tons of water daily. Fifteen hundred tons a day were shipped to Benghazi and another 300 tons were landed from lighters at the main beaches. There still remained 700 tons a day to be found somewhere. Again the water diviners played their part, tracking down a number of new sources of supply by means of their hazel twigs. Thus, plus water distilled from the Mediterranean, was the remaining 700 tons provided.

Later in this campaign an astonishing incident occurred. It happened in those fateful days of early July 1942 when it looked as though Rommel would smash his way through to Alexandria. In fact, on July 3 he did penetrate our lines at El Alamein, with three very reduced panzer divisions. A number of his men then came upon a pipe-line stretching as far as the eye could see, and to them it was a wonderful sight. For nearly a whole day they had been without water. Immediately they shot holes in the pipe-line, dropped down and drank their fill. Then they pushed on towards Alexandria, and the following morning were within sight of it, when up came a weary section of the British Army to deal with them. It was a peak moment of the campaign. One battle-worn section of the German Army faced an equally exhausted section of the British Army. For some time the battle swayed to and fro, then the Nazis began to withdraw.

Shortly afterwards, over a thousand men of the 90th Light Panzer Division moved towards our lines with their hands above their heads, obviously surrendering. They seemed to move very uncertainly, and then the British soldiers noticed the twisted expression on their faces, the swollen lips. On the very day the Germans had broken through, our engineers had been testing that particular pipe-line. To test a pipe-line in the desert you use sea water: fresh water is far too precious. The men of the 90th Panzer Division had swallowed gallons of salt water; and, in the end, it was thirst that drove them to surrender.

Even in 1933 the War Office was sufficiently interested in the work of water diviners to send Captain A. J. Edney of the Royal Engineers, an expert "dowser," to a congress of diviners. Today, a very elaborate water organization has been devised to keep soldiers, sailors and airmen adequately supplied even in the most difficult circumstances. The Royal Engineers have a compact pumping equipment of which use was made in the Anzio beach-head in Italy. In the first place they set up water points, tapping all suitable streams, then pump water into sandbagged tanks, from which water trucks can be filled at high speed. Water for washing purposes is run by pipes to the bath-house, a structure built by a company of R.E.s in a few days; it can provide baths for as many as four hundred men a day.

PRIMITIVE BUT EFFECTIVE is this well in Dutch New Guinea, from which an Australian and a Netherlands East Indies soldier are drawing water. Difficulty in getting adequate supplies is often very great in this theatre of war; in some islands diviners have successfully used their powers. *Photo, Australian Official*

Water for drinking purposes receives elaborate treatment. The Army now has its mobile laboratories which can travel close to the front line, with all necessary equipment to test the purity of food or water. When the enemy is in the habit of polluting all the water supplies before he retreats, it is vital to have the water analysed before it is used in any way. The mobile laboratories can carry out these tests at speed. The water may need filtering, or it may need treatment with chlorine. Whatever the trouble there is always an answer. One particular water point in the Anzio beach-head supplied 40,000 gallons a day; special water trucks distributed it. In mountainous country the Army uses specially trained mules with water panniers. And in emergency water can be dropped by planes to encircled troops or marooned seamen.

At sea the problem of fresh water may become as vital as in the desert or the jungles of Burma, particularly to shipwrecked men adrift in boats. The Ministry of War Transport, in collaboration with a group of experts, has devised a compact distiller which converts sea into fresh water at the rate of five pints an hour. The distiller was the result of many months' experiment, and it was finally chosen from several other distillers (see illus. p. 11, Vol. 7). The choice was made by a handful of seamen selected at random from merchant ships. What I will call Mr. K.'s seemed the best from their point of view. Today a large proportion of lifeboats on merchant ships are fitted with this apparatus.

WATER SUPPLIER FOR THE BRITISH ARMY is this pipe point north-east of the town of Bayeux, which was taken by the Allies on June 8, 1944; it is one of many set up in various parts of the Normandy front. Attached to the truck is a trailer-tank into which water is flowing from one of the pumps fixed to the lines laid along the ground. *Photo, British Official*

5th and 8th Armies Advance on 150-Mile Front

NORTHWARD FROM ROME the armies of the Allies in Italy swept the Germans before them in a retreat which assumed more and more the nature of a flight. On the west, the 5th Army went forward on a broad front to extend their mastery over the plain of Tuscany; by July 6, 1944, U.S. advance units were within fifteen miles of the great port of Leghorn. Inland, the French were driving on north of Siena, which they captured on July 3. In the more difficult country to the east, British 8th Army troops were engaged in a fierce struggle round Lake Trasimeno, where the Germans put up a considerable fight for the road to Florence.

At the east end of the front on the Adriatic coast (where Ancona port was threatened) a useful part in the capture of Ascoli Piceno was played by Alpini units of the Corps of Italian Liberation, while behind the enemy lines in Northern Italy partisans were encouraged to become more audacious in sabotage. Kesselring attempted to delay General Alexander's advance by extensive demolitions while his troops fell back to the so-called "Gothic Line" between Pisa (north of Leghorn) and Rimini.

2

1

3

CITIES OF UMBRIA province fell into Allied hands one after the other as General Alexander's armies pressed on through Italy. Two days after the fall of Assisi, on June 18, came the capture of Perugia; Sgt. C. Read of the Royal Corps of Signals is standing before the city's war memorial (2). Indian troops sharing in the triumphal progress of the Allies marched into Terni (1); this much-bombed centre of railway and road communications, lying midway between the east and west coasts, was the principal objective of the first drive north from Rome, and was occupied on June 15. Parallel with our advance on the mainland, French troops landed on June 17 on the island of Elba (3) with Allied naval and air support, and by the 19th had overcome all German resistance there. Black arrows on map indicate Allied thrusts on June 28.

Photos, British and U.S. Official; map by courtesy of The Daily Mail

Streets as Battlefields and Towns as Forts

Towns defended with determination can most effectively hold up a modern army—a lesson slowly and painfully learnt by ourselves and the enemy during the course of this war. New methods of attack are being evolved and, as suggested in this article by DONALD COWIE, are now being applied to problems of this nature facing our liberating forces in Western Europe.

"You found little Cassino a tough nut to crack. Well, I hope you have considered, when estimating the duration of the war, how many Cassinos there will be on the way to Berlin!" That remark was made to the writer by a neutral military expert, who had carefully studied the methods of the Germans in this war. And it was, if only for the moment, like the shock of cold water.

Had it not been firmly established by Cassino, in confirmation of the lesson taught at Stalingrad and so many other battles in built-up areas, that towns held with determination could halt the progress of a modern mechanized army more effectively than any other means?

Thus the writer remembered another conversation he had had with a tank commander who had fought in many campaigns. This man had been asked why tanks were so "timid" in towns. And he had replied: "You just try driving a number of tanks into an urban area defended by troops in the houses and office-blocks and cellars. Not only are you partly blind, with your gunlayers' and aimers' visions restricted to lamp-posts and walls, with occasional downstairs windows and doors, but you are terribly vulnerable. Anti-tank artillery can snipe at you from devastatingly close quarters, having the clear vision that you lack. Even the crudest methods, such as the dropping of petrol bombs from rooftops and upper windows, the toppling over of coping stones, can destroy you before you have an opportunity to hit back.

"Meanwhile, your greatest asset, mobility, is countered by the rubble in the streets, or the actual narrowness of them. Why, I once saw a Sherman hopelessly jammed in one of those little Sicilian towns. It had become wedged between buildings in a narrow street, and could go neither backwards nor forwards. Ugh! No built-up areas for me!"

Is the tendency of this article clear? Perhaps it may be put briefly in this way, that if towns have been proved by the experience of the present war to be more defensible than any other kind of position against modern attack, then we can expect that north-western Europe, studded with towns, will present some very ticklish problems to our invasion forces. And that is just exactly what is now happening in Normandy.

There is little doubt about the fact of towns being easily defensible. First revealed in the Spanish Civil War by the prolonged resistance of Madrid and other cities, it should have been recognized by ourselves as a most useful discovery. Then we and the French might have stood longer in the blitzkrieg storm of 1940; certain Malayan towns, and finally Singapore and Rangoon, might have delayed the Japanese for months if defended street by street.

But the Russians watched and understood. "No city should be otherwise than in complete ruins when an enemy takes possession," was their virtual commandment to military subordinates, and so the German flood was eventually halted and turned back, not in great pitched battles, not on the open plains or on the river banks, but amid the remorseless rubble of cities, towns and their suburbs—Leningrad, Smolensk, Rostov, Voronezh and, what will remain the classic text-book instance, Stalingrad!

What was the reason? An answer has been partly given in that tank commander's remarks. Since modern strategy and tactics depend almost entirely upon mobility, anything which "grounds" tanks, lorries and other vehicles is fatal to the success of their missions. But there is more to it than that. Second in importance to mobility is fire-power, the terrible capacity of modern artillery and automatic small-arms for destroying anything soft in the open. The Germans had to retreat in Italy till they reached Cassino, or our superior fire-power would have broken their line. Upon reaching the town, however, they could defy our fire-power for many months.

They could also defy our bombs, sometimes rained down in the heaviest concentrations of history. This was because they always had *some* protection in this as in other towns, and it is remarkable what man will endure provided that he does not feel altogether naked. In every town there are strong buildings. When they are blasted to shells the defenders descend to cellars, tunnels, and catacombs. Meanwhile, they excavate still deeper refuges, and the rubble above provides them with fortifications from behind the midnight shelter of which they can sally forth in raids and counter-attacks.

CONCEALED IN THIS WRECKED HOUSE in Cherbourg the sniper's position was a precarious one—with Allied soldiers watching for the betraying movement that would give them their target. *Photo, Planet News.*

That the Germans have appreciated the military significance of these facts has been revealed not only by their defence of Cassino but also by the system employed by them in Russia to hold certain localities. This "hedgehog" system, as it was called, used towns as nuclei of defence, surrounded by artificial strongpoints, all connected by trenches or tunnels so that the garrison could be switched quickly from one sector to another.

Therefore it is but realistic to assume that the enemy will try to halt our progress in north-western Europe and elsewhere by a series of stubborn stands in certain key towns—such as, for example, the Channel ports, then Rouen, Amiens, Arras, and Lille. The desperate German defence of Caen in Normandy suggests that this is, indeed, his intention. Above all, he will almost certainly hope to defend his own towns of the Rhineland and Ruhr Valley, where he will not suffer from the handicap of a hostile local population. And it is feasible that if we played his game, and sat down as besiegers before each of these strongpoints in turn, then our journey to Berlin would indeed be protracted.

Fortunately we will not do so; or we will not if we observe what Cassino and Russia taught us. Undoubtedly that Italian town and those Russian "hedgehogs" protected the enemy for a long time, so long as we and the Russians took them seriously and attacked them frontally. But once we left Cassino temporarily alone and attacked elsewhere, and once the Russians learnt to by-pass the "hedgehogs," the enemy was checkmated. He could continue to hold out for a while in an island of resistance, but with the knowledge that he could obtain no more supplies and must ultimately surrender if he did not retreat. Usually he retreated, and the town was no longer a fortress.

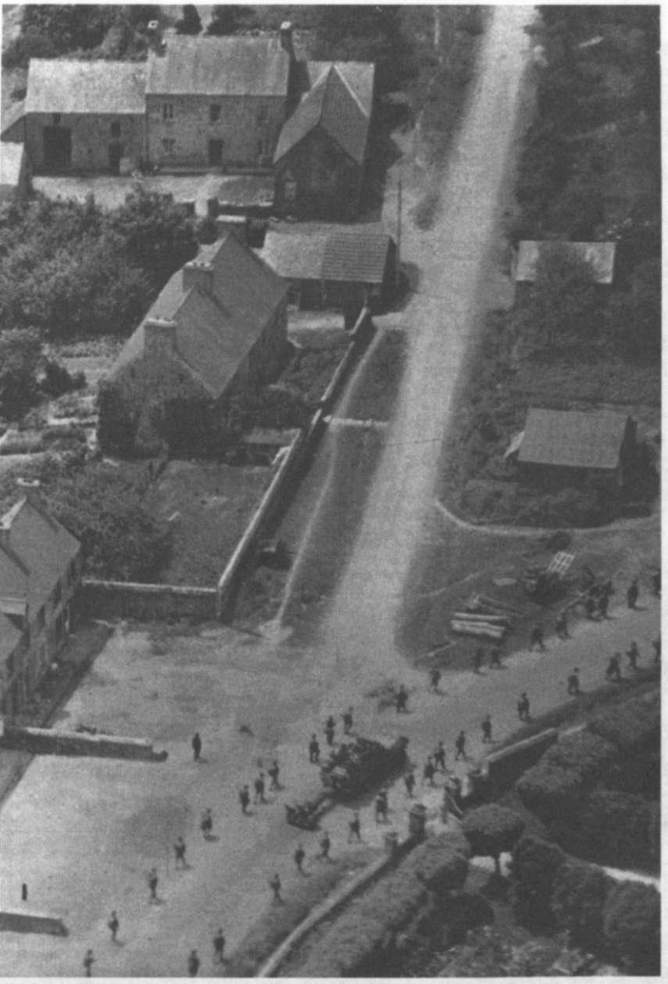
The moral has been for us, accordingly, that the road to Berlin may be a surprisingly swift and direct one, provided that the forces of retribution, like the Pilgrim on his progress, keep straight on. That is the answer to the neutral military expert; while our tankmen, always steering as clear of the rubble as possible, should not be prevented from fulfilling their true functions of smashing the enemy's armour and isolating his impotent "hedgehogs" one by one.

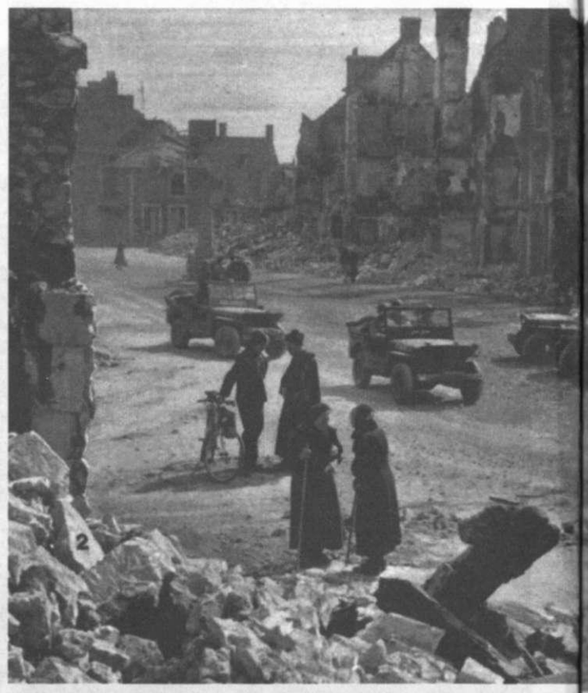
BRISTLING WITH OBSTACLES such as the logs, iron stakes and heaps of rubble seen here, the streets of some of Normandy's towns and villages are proving tough going for the advancing Allied forces. Resistance in these desperately defended localities has been bitter; Tilly-sur-Seulles changed hands more than once, in house-to-house fighting, before it finally fell on June 19, 1944. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Photo, Keystone

D-Day Morning in Fields of Northern France

Across the English Channel on June 6, 1944, stretched an airbridge formed of great numbers of towplanes and gliders, protected by thousands of Allied fighters. Here, through clear June skies, soar planes that towed some of the troop-packed gliders to Normandy in advance of our ground forces; their mission completed, they head for their bases in England. Empty gliders bestrew the fields, whilst men that occupied them have rallied to strike mighty blows for the liberation of Europe.





When the Allies Swept Across Cherbourg Peninsula

Through St. Sauveur outskirts (1) Allied troops advanced on June 17. By June 27 Cherbourg had fallen. "The striking advances which gave the Americans the entire neck of the peninsula," said Mr. Henry A. Stimson, U.S. Secretary of War, "were due in large part to British and Canadian operations at the south-eastern end of the front." After the battle of Isigny inhabitants returned (2). The crew of this camouflaged gun (3) received the enemy range by phone from a spotting plane.

Photos, British Official; Associated Press

The King Visits His Victorious Armies in France

H.M. the King crossed in the cruiser Arethusa to a Normandy beach-head on June 16, drove inland to General Montgomery's headquarters and inspected Allied officers and troops (4) after a special investiture. Seen from the air after its capture, the smashed town of St. Sauveur (5) stands at an important road junction. Down a lane in the Lingevres area (6) pointed a 6-pounder gun, ready at point-blank range to open fire if the wish of its crew—a glimpse of the enemy—were fulfilled.

Crown Copyright; Planet News

Eastward Lies the Road to Paris

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; U.S. Official

When Cherbourg had fallen, the road to Paris was the part of this bullet-pierced sign (1) that held interest for Allied troops in Carentan, occupied on June 12. Enemy snipers lurked in Christot village near Tilly-sur-Seulles: these watchful British troops smoked them out (2). In the main street of Tilly, centre of communications west of Caen, Royal Engineers searched for mines (3), which were left in abundance by the Germans when they were driven out on June 19.

VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

THERE are many surprising things in Mr. A. D. Divine's new book, Navies in Exile (Murray, 12s. 6d.), but the one that astonished and delighted me most is the lovely picture of a sailing minesweeper in the Mediterranean. It is yacht-rigged, but the vessel itself is like one of those sturdy, safe-looking Dogger Bank fishing-boats which bring us the cod that tastes so different here from what it does when eaten fresh in Newfoundland. The idea of a sailing boat doing the hazardous work of clearing mines was so unexpected, the contrast between its beauty and the grim ugliness of war so pathetic, that I have turned to the photograph again and again.

It is the Greek Navy which sends out these peaceful-looking craft for most useful service to the war effort. Not much else has it been able to do with the force it had five years ago. Nearly all of that was lost in the struggle with Italy. But the ashes of it produced a phoenix, a new force, with 350 officers and about 6,000 men. Britain has provided them with six new destroyers of the Hunt class; they have three submarines, and, says Mr. Divine, "week by week, year by year, since the disastrous days of 1941, they have played magnificently their part." A similar tribute is paid to the Norwegian Navy. Its spirit may be illustrated by the action of a whaling skipper whose ship had been turned into a naval patrol-boat. She had one gun, and was guarding the entrance to the Oslo Fjord. In the darkness of an April evening the skipper sighted a force of heavy ships entering the waters of that "firth," as we should call it, which goes up to the capital of Norway. He challenged, but received no answer. Then he signalled to the big ships to heave-to. This was ignored also. So, with his one gun, he opened fire. The patrol boat took on the whole of the German naval force sent to play its part in the brutally mean, unprovoked attack on the Norwegian people.

"INSTANTLY from the German line came the flash and thunder of an overwhelming reply." The patrol boat was a wreck within a few seconds. The skipper had both legs severed, but he was still conscious; he told his crew to scramble into their one boat and, as they were doing this, and finding it too small for everybody, he muttered, "I'm no good, anyhow," and rolled over the side into the sea. I wish there were a poet living who could celebrate that as Tennyson celebrated the fight which the little Revenge put up against the naval might of Spain.

There are many stories of gallantry in this book, but none to match that. Here, however, is one of a different kind, which did immense credit to the cleverness as well as the courage of a Yugoslav naval officer, commanding a motor torpedo-boat in the Adriatic. Its speed was 29 knots at best. Eleven Italian destroyers were looking for it on a dark night; they could do between 35 and 40 knots. They sighted the torpedo-boat and challenged. "The Yugoslavs could not fight. They could not run. There was no shadow of hope," Mr. Divine writes. But he is wrong. There came into the captain's mind an idea which had the germ of hope in it. What the Italians were demanding was the password. They had to know whether he was a friend or foe. "Quick," said the captain to the man with the flickering signal lamp, "ask the second ship of their line for the password!" It was asked for—and given! Instantly the signaller passed it on to the first ship, which was satisfied. The torpedo-boat went ahead and sailed straight through the Italian line.

Numerous have been the exploits of Polish naval commanders and seamen. Here is one of the most thrilling. A Polish motor gunboat was taking part in shepherding a British convoy through the English Channel. A strong force of E-boats came out to attack the convoy. As it was too strong for the M.G.B., this was ordered to retire. But the

Exiled Navies and the Nelson Touch

Polish lieutenant in command had something wrong with his eyesight, the same complaint that on a famous occasion attacked Nelson. He did not see the signal—or did not appear to see it. He went on towards the E-boats.

There were six of them. Each was about the size of his own, and had much the same armament. "Full speed ahead!" he ordered and shot in amongst them. All his guns were firing almost before the Huns realized they were being attacked. They made some attempt to reply, but they didn't like the look of it. They drew off and fled as fast as their engines would carry them. The threatened attack had been nipped in the bud. One against six had been victorious. The convoy steamed on without interference. It was a case of "the blind eye" all right, but the lieutenant's commanding officer said that "results fully justified this following of precedent." The Nelson Touch had succeeded again.

Better known, but well worth re-telling, is the saga of the Polish submarine Orzel, which was in the Gulf of Danzig at the start of the war, and was told to set out and attack German ships in the Baltic. As soon as she started, E-boats attacked and the submarine had to submerge for two hours. During that time ten depth charges were heard to explode near the vessel. When after dark she carefully nosed her way out into the open sea, she was scraped by wire cables of moored mines or sweeps.

In the Baltic the Orzel found no enemy ships to attack, and when she had searched in vain for a week repairs were needed and she had to put into Tallinn in Estonia. Here the authorities, either in fear of or in league with the Nazis, decided to disarm and intern the submarine, although it had a perfectly good legal claim to shelter for as long as it took to finish the repairs. At once the suggestion, "Let's make a run for it!" was put forward and accepted unanimously.

THE crew had burned their documents and charts; their guns had been removed. Some of their torpedoes had been taken, but six remained. On a Sunday morning the commander cut the cable of the lift which raised the torpedoes and then went on deck, slating the Estonians for carelessness in letting it break. They looked at one another. It was Sunday. Mending the cable would be a long job. Why not put it off till Monday? This they did. Only a small guard was left on board. Departure was fixed for midnight. But between eleven and twelve an officer arrived to inspect the guard. There was a delay of two hours. At last the signal was given. The guards were seized, gagged, carried below. All cables were cut. The engines were started. The Orzel edged away towards the port entrance, but not knowing the way to it exactly, she ran on a shoal. By this time the alarm had been given. Guns began booming. Rifle and machine-gun fire became furious. Fortunately, the smoke of the exhaust screened the submarine from sight and not a hit was made. She escaped to sea, but had to crash-dive immediately, for she was caught by searchlights, and batteries sent over six-inch shells. Surface craft also hurried out to drop depth charges. Though the Orzel made off, she had to stay under water all next day because it was felt that planes would be looking for her.

When the crew felt fairly secure from pursuit they put the Estonian guards in a boat near land with plenty of food and whisky and started to comb the Baltic for any German ships they could put their six torpedoes into. They found none. At the end of a fortnight they had scarcely any water, very little fuel. They could have put into a Swedish port and been interned, but that did not appeal to them. They determined to make for Britain. When they reached here, having come through many other perils, they were told "You can't be the Orzel. The Orzel has been lost!" The story of the Orzel never will be.

MINESWEEPING IS THE TASK of this Greek sailing ship, an example of one of the activities of the lesser vessels of the gallant Royal Hellenic Navy—to which tribute is paid in the book reviewed in this page. PAGE 147 *Photo, British Official*

IN the course of his accounts of these and other exiled navies—the French and the Dutch, with glances at Belgium and Denmark—Mr. Divine indulges in some interesting speculations. He thinks it may be said some day that the invasion of Norway lost Hitler the war. In that operation the German Navy was crippled. It lost something like one-third of its cruisers and destroyers. This prevented it from "playing havoc with the evacuation of Dunkirk" and making possible a landing on the British coast under cover of the Luftwaffe.

Again the Germans missed their chance, Mr. Divine thinks, with the magnetic mine. "Had it been manufactured in vast quantities and utilized in a single tremendous laying in every stretch of shoal water about the United Kingdom, in every channel and harbour entrance, it might have dealt us a crippling blow." As they did not do this, as they began with a small number, we had time to discover its secrets and the answer to it.

Readers are referred to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED p. 124, Vol. 7, for the story of our mastery of the magnetic mine.

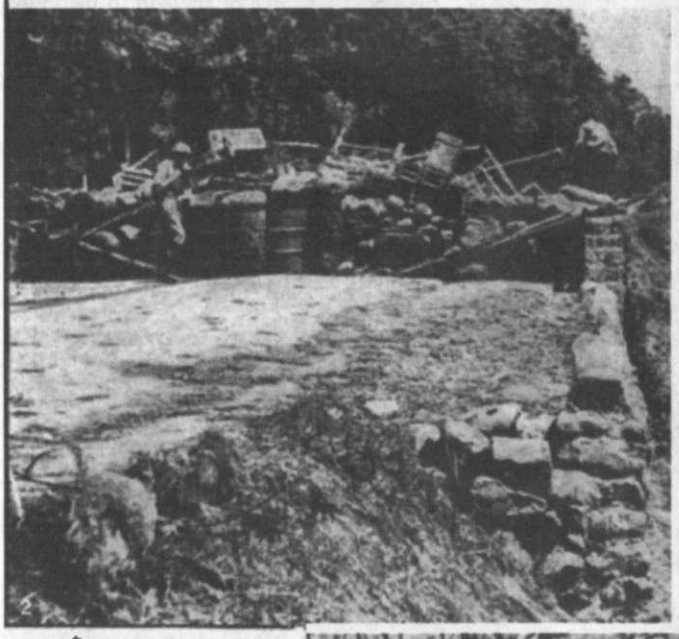
Battle-Torn Tarawa Atoll Now an Allied Base

FIRST MAJOR BLOW was struck by the Allies against the Japanese in the Central Pacific on November 20, 1943, when landings were made on Tarawa and Makin atolls in the enemy-occupied Gilbert Islands, 1,000 miles north of the Solomons; three days later Allied occupation was complete. In this desperate fighting Tarawa, chief Japanese air base in the Gilberts, became a shambles; but it was speedily transformed to an efficient Allied base.

One of the first steps in producing order out of battle chaos was to import a small saw mill with which to make planks for building purposes (1). Lt.-Col. E. J. C. Finny (2-left) and Capt. R. B. Marfack, British administration authorities, were with the U.S. forces who drove out the Japanese. Tarawa airfield, reconditioned for Allied warplanes (3). Street scene (4) shows huts and tents so placed as to make the most of cooling breezes and shade from the few remaining trees. See also pp. 503, 591 and 594, Vol. 7.

Photos, Associated Press

Vital Burma Supply Road Freed by 14th Army



WEST YORKSHIRE

CRUSHING BLOW to Japanese aspirations in Burma was the final clearance of the vital Imphal-Kohima supply road, announced on June 25, 1944. For many weeks the Japanese had clung to this key area until cracked by continual Allied pressure. Tanks and men of the West Yorks Regiment (whose badge is shown above) push on against the Japanese on the Imphal-Kohima road (1), while one of the many road-blocks with which the enemy had hoped to stem the advance is torn down (2). All that remains of a battle-wrecked village taken by our troops (3). Allied supply mules toil up steep paths to forward positions (4).

Photos, Indian Official

Men of the Maquis are Striking for France!

A special communiqué issued on June 17, 1944, by Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force detailed the considerable part that has been—and now more than ever is being—played by the Maquis, the secret Army of the French Forces of the Interior, towards the liberation of their country. Just who these valiant patriots are is explained by JOHN ENGLAND.

"GUERILLA operations against the enemy are in full swing," announced a communiqué from S.H.A.E.F., "and in some areas the army of the French Forces of the Interior are in full control. At the end of the first week of operations on the shores of France the army of the French Forces of the Interior has, with its British and American comrades, played its assigned role in the battle of liberation."

Let us turn back the clock to 1943, when Germany made forced labour absolute for young Frenchmen. Resistance at once stiffened and "ne va pas en Allemagne" (don't go to Germany) became the watchword. That followed the census of all men born between 1912 and 1921, about 130,000 being affected, according to Vichy, of the total of nearly a million registered for forced labour. Before then men could only be persuaded to go to work for the enemy ; the Compulsory Labour Service instituted a two-year period: The Maquis (a Corsican word for the dense undergrowth of that island) was the reply of French youth to that.

No less than 200,000 young men dodged registration. In the Limoges region only forty per cent registered. Chambery did not supply one man. In Savoy 800 registered, but of those called up seventy-five per cent escaped. They became refugees, outlaws, "hill men." They were the first men of the Maquis. In their heroic and seemingly hopeless resistance to the all-powerful and all-pervading Nazis, there was something sublime—and futile, or so it seemed then. It is not possible to state with certainty the total number of young Frenchmen in the Maquis today ; estimates range up to 500,000.

Faced with this dramatic recoil from the Nazi tyranny, Vichy tried many methods of persuading these patriots to submit to the foreign yoke. Promises were made of amnesty. When this failed force was brought to bear, in particular against the numerous bands who had retired to the Haute Savoie, there to wage a guerilla war against the invader, without organized arms, without proper commissariat, without camps, often without food or shelter.

IT was to the Haute Savoie that the ruthless Darnand sent his armed police, but without much success, and soon there were bands of these spirited young men in every "inaccessible" part of France. These youths suffered many losses on the snow-covered mountains of the Mediterranean, and Darnand claimed that he had cleaned up the menace. It was an empty brag, for the men of the Maquis are more active than ever—in the Savoy, the Limousin, the Dijonnais and the Ardennes. They are in Brittany and in the Jura, they have strongholds even in Toulon and Bordeaux regions and in the Pyrenees.

The Maquis bar no foreigner who cares to join their ranks, and many have, including Fascist-hating Italians and Republican Spaniards. It includes radicals, socialists, communists, and royalists too. Right, Left, Reds, Pinks and Blues, it is all the same. In the matter of leaders the Maquis have been fortunate, for many officers rallied to them, most notable of all General de Lattré de Tassigny, who later escaped from France and was in command of the French army which captured Elba in June 1944. Every man who makes his way to the hills or to the forests and is ushered into the hut or tent of the local captain must take an oath of fidelity, expecting no rewards, uniform or medals : only hardship, danger, outlawry, hunger and thirst.

The Maquis had in the early days only one source of firearms—setting aside secret stores which date back to the defeat of 1940 ; they had to carry out raids, and some of these have been spectacular in their daring. And it is a capital offence to lose one's arms, a severity dictated by the extremes of necessity. A man instructed to secure food or clothing sets forth from the secret camp for the nearest town or police or military store ; often food and goods are pressed upon him without demand for payment. The peasants, too, have been a source of strength to the movement, hiding men and secreting food for them.

THE Maquis waged war by means of sabotage, and as the months passed became more and more daring. Referring to them in a speech some time ago, General de Gaulle said; " We can guarantee that inside France combatants, many of whom are now taking part in small-scale actions, will participate in the great military effort of the French and the Allied armies by attacking the enemy in the rear on orders from the French command in accordance with the operational plans of the inter-allied High Command."

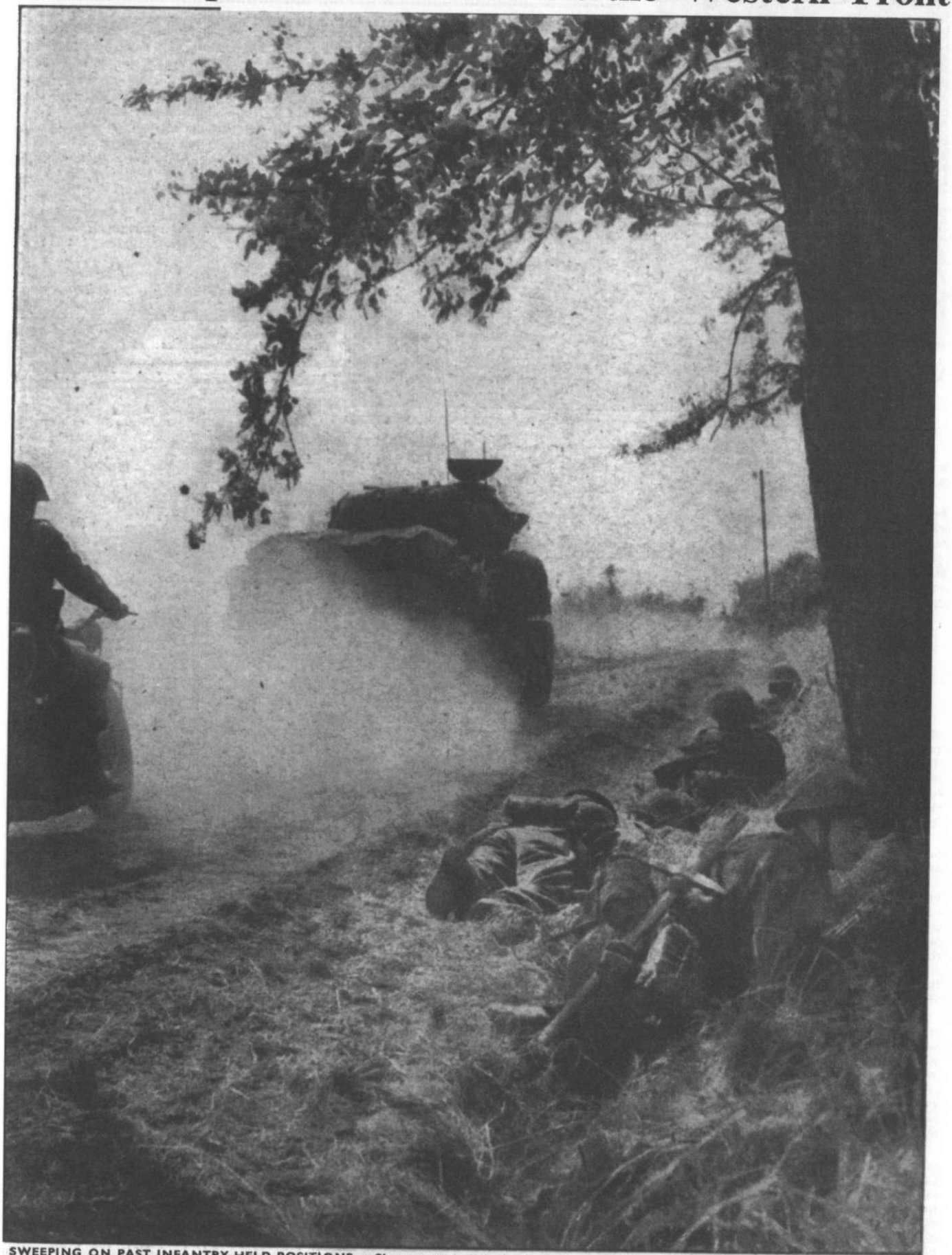
And now ? Since D-Day (June 6, 1944) the ranks of the Maquis have continued to swell, absorbing police and gendarme and Vichy army deserters complete with their arms. On that day the French Provisional Government in Algiers announced that members of this underground movement were helping Allied airborne troops and attacking communications leading to the battle zone. It was further stated, on June 14, that the organization was recognized by the French Provisional Government and that all troops served under the orders of responsible leaders. Their official status as the French Army of the Interior was further marked on June 25 by the announcement that General Koenig, of Bir Hakeim fame, had been appointed to direct the operations of all resistance forces in France under and by authority of the Allied C.-in-C.

ON D-Day an appeal was made by Supreme Command H.Q. to the Maquis asking them to try to delay enemy reinforcements being brought up to the Normandy coast during the first twelve hours of the Allied invasion. The reinforcements were delayed three and a half days ! With almost fiendish energy the partisans are paralysing rail and road traffic, destroying bridges, damaging canals and locks, and interrupting telegraph and telephone communications.

Subterranean cables, in spite of being well defended, have been attacked and destroyed, and transformer stations have been the objective of well-directed and executed sabotage. German garrisons have been harried, street fighting has occurred, villages occupied, enemy detachments wiped out, and prisoners taken. And still it is rising—this enemy-dreaded might of the Maquis : a grim shadow of doom behind the German lines.

DRILLING IN SECRET, these young men of the Army of the Maquis prepared themselves for warfare against the Nazi occupiers of France. Despite German patrols and Vichy police, defiant townsfolk of Bourg-en-Bresse—north-east of Lyons, in the Department of Ain—erected this bust (right) on the pedestal of a former statue removed for use as scrap metal, and filed past it on Armistice morning 1943. *Photos, Free French Official*

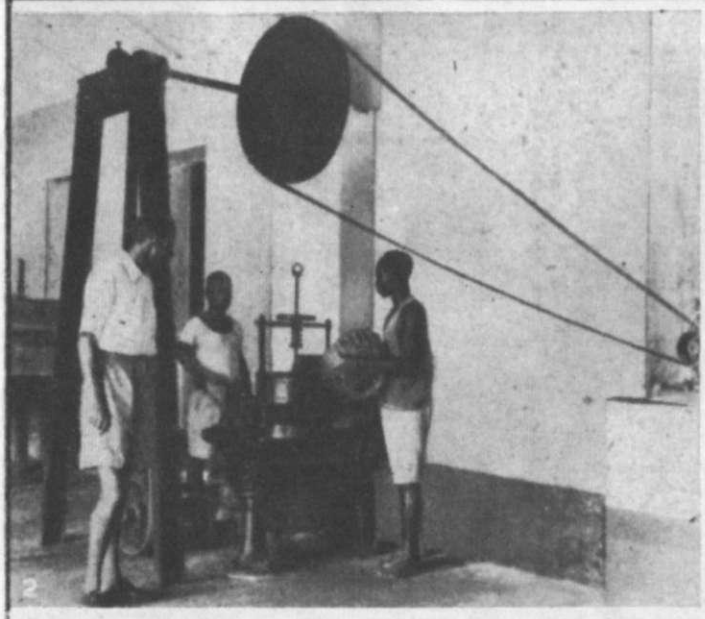
Armour Speeds to Combat on the Western Front

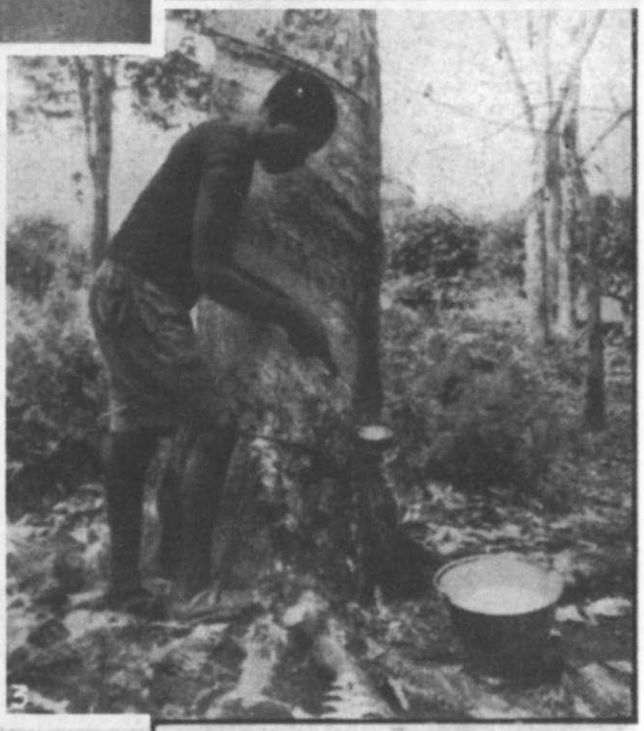


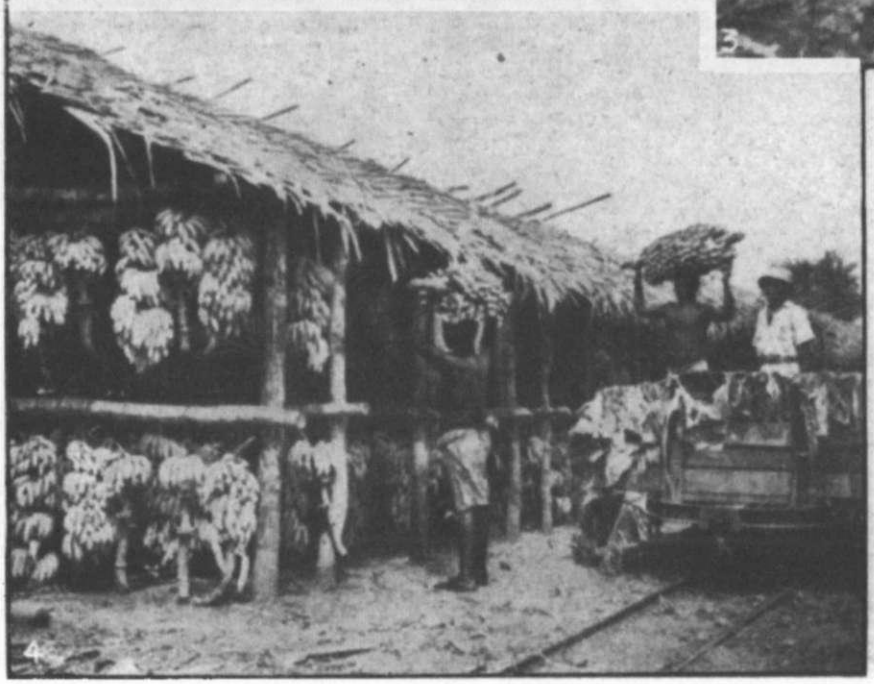
SWEEPING ON PAST INFANTRY-HELD POSITIONS, a Sherman tank, followed by a dispatch rider, rumbles along a dusty Normandy road to further action in the Tilly-Caen area. In this crucial sector, where Rommel massed most of his armour, British and Canadian forces kept German tank formations from moving towards Cherbourg. By June 28, 1944, when the troops emerged from difficult country around Tilly into an open plain more suited to the deployment of armour, many clashes occurred with the enemy's Panthers and Tigers; climax came to our furious assaults when on July 9 Caen fell. See map in p. 131.

Photo, British Official

Our Colonies in the War: No. 11—The Cameroons







REMEMBERING the days of Teuton misrule, that part of the Cameroons which became British after the Germans were defeated there in February 1916 is helping to ensure another defeat for the enemy. Lying between our colony of Nigeria (see pp. 586 and 587, Vol. 7), by whose government it is administered under a mandate, and French Equatorial Africa, the British Cameroons is a strip of land running the whole length of the Nigerian border with a total extent of some 34,000 square miles. Pulling its weight with Nigeria, the British Cameroons is producing bananas, rubber, tea, palm oil, castor seeds and cocoa for the war effort; bananas particularly being of great value, as tons of them, dried and made into banana "dates," go to feed our troops in West Africa.

Tons of shelled castor seeds are spread out in the sun to dry (1). Green tea leaves are poured into a rolling machine (2). Tapping a rubber tree; an incision is made in the outer bark which frees the sap (latex rubber) and allows it to flow into the collecting cups (3). Great bunches of bananas fill the ripening sheds (4), which are served by railed trucks.

Photos, Nora Haydon

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw a City Below the Germans' 'West Wall'

Parts of Hitler's Normandy coast defences, boosted in loud propaganda as the impregnable "West Wall," really were amazingly well prepared. Alan Moorehead, for Combined Press, has recorded a day he spent in going through one such area—abandoned in panic at short notice.

I WENT into about twenty dugouts all concealed under the trees. Here was a complete underground city, the work of two years or more. Wooden steps made of saplings lead you beneath the surface and then you are surrounded by concrete and masonry. Everything was abandoned apparently at five minutes' notice. The mess-room is about eighty feet long by twenty feet. It has a piano, four radio sets, a bar stocked with German Pilsner beer, German gin and whisky and cigars (or the relics thereof). There are several chests full of sports gear—footballs, jerseys and shorts.

Another dugout is a central office with a telephone exchange, table lamps and many cupboards filled with books, papers, forms and all the impedimenta of a lavish pre-war city office. A third dugout contained sides of beef. A fourth had about thirty bicycles and a workshop. A fifth contained officers' sleeping quarters, rigged up with dressing-table, curtains and comfortable beds with sheets.

I went into half a dozen store-houses containing tinned pork, fruit and vegetables, thousands of rounds of all kinds of ammunition, signalling sets, flags, clothing, boots, rifles and machine-guns, with all their spare parts. Then there was the kitchen, a sort of dream kitchen with electric boilers and cookers all fitted with elaborate gauges. I came on underground piggeries and stables, fitted with the most modern equipment, underground hangars for tanks and lorries. In the scullcries there was a great butter churn.

At the moment when our assault was launched the Germans were in the act of bundling up parcels to send home to their families. Each parcel contained three pounds of fresh Normandy butter. Above ground there were many more curious and pathetic things. The German officers' dogs were chained at a series of neat wooden kennels. Those that had not died when the battle swept over, lay in a coma of hunger and thirst at their chains. Everywhere roamed German horses, their eyes white with fear at the shelling. Some were still harnessed to their long wooden coffin-like wagons. Others were being ridden by the Tommies. Others, which had broken legs, were being shot by our officers. The very birds in this green and unreal wilderness were lying dead on the ground; others had been winged or crippled by the flying shrapnel.

I watched a group of Tommies kill and cut up a German pig. A little farther on a Sten gunner had bagged two geese. A third group was frying the liver the men had cut from some animal during the battle. This then was a German Regimental Headquarters.

From it a network of trenches fans out. One trench, about eight feet deep, zig-zags down to the sea three miles away. I imagine you could walk for five miles through trenches and pillboxes almost without coming to the surface at all. I leave you to imagine the vast labour and expense sunk in this empty undertaking—years of work and everything lost in a day. The crust was simply not strong enough to hold. We paid for it, of course.

Today I have been by many fresh graves which the French have piled high with Normandy roses in pink and red and white. And yet the officer who commands the Medical Corps on this sector told me in his new tented hospital today that he had catered for very many more casualties than we have had. As for the wounded, they are probably getting better and quicker treatment than they have had before. Penicillin has been issued right down to first-aid posts.

General Montgomery has been here and has given praise in a way I have never known him do before. It must have been pleasant for him to see among our booty a number of British vehicles of the Morris make which the Germans apparently captured at Dunkirk in 1940 and were still using.

WRECKED GUN EMPLACEMENT which formed part of the "West Wall" (see story in this page), now a piled mass of shattered concrete, being inspected by U.S. troops.
Photo, Associated Press

A Gale Nearly Wrecked Our Invasion Fleet

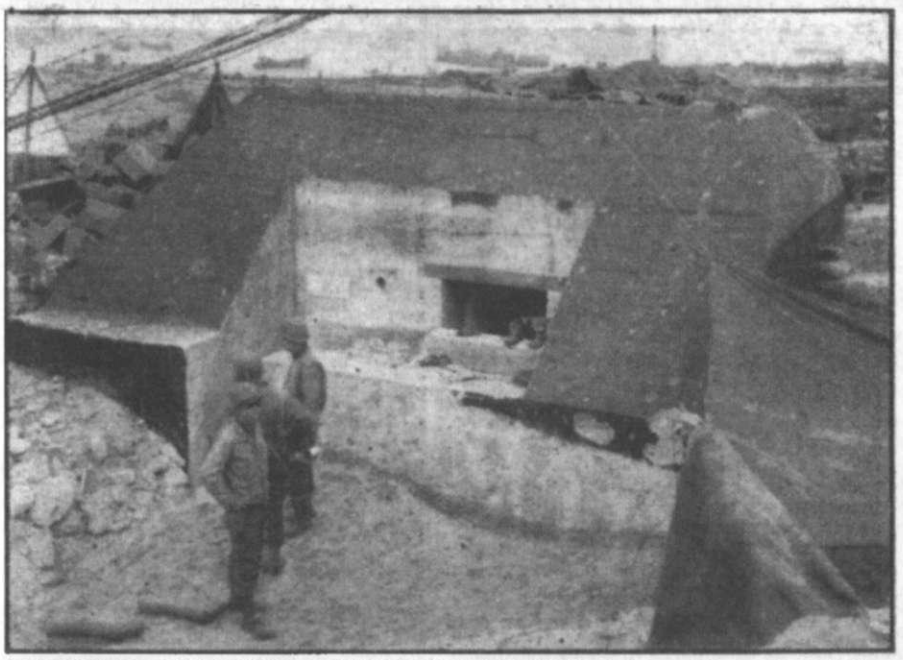
How the build-up of our great attack in Normandy was nearly brought to a halt in its third week is told by W. F. Hartin (by arrangement with the Daily Mail). Only superb seamanship by hundreds of young sailors handling their cumbersome invasion craft in the teeth of a howling Channel gale saved the Army from a serious setback.

FOR two nights, as vessels dragged their anchors, plunged into one another with a sickening grinding sound and were swept by 8-ft. waves, the situation to us who were in the midst of this fury seemed touch and go. We were in mid-Channel when the full force of the north-east wind, meeting the tide, piled up a mountainous beam sea. I was in one of the Navy's motor-launches, a sturdy patrol vessel used to most hazards of these treacherous waters.

Suddenly, three times in succession, we were nearly capsized. As every man clung to the nearest hand-hold, the water hissed along the deck, burying the starboard half in boiling foam. We looked at each other without attempting to speak, because the same thought was in all our minds—"This is the end. She is not going to right herself." Each time the vessel swung back crazily to port it was as if she were bracing herself for the final plunge, when she would roll over completely to starboard.

Then the captain, Lieut. G. S. Parsons, R.N.V.R., saw his chance, snapped out an order to put the helm hard over, and the little ship bravely dug into the sea head-on. She shivered as she hit one wave after another, but we were comparatively safe. The story of the next 12 hours is one of relentless fight, zig-zagging across these seas, when each turn might have been fatal.

Hour after hour we tried to edge nearer our part of the French coast, and after 12 hours' passage we managed to get an anchorage in the lee of some big ships miles from where we were scheduled to arrive. We soon realized our troubles had barely begun. In the eerie twilight of this, the shortest night of the year, we could hear above the hiss of the waves and the shrieking wind the yet



MASSIVELY CONSTRUCTED GERMAN STRONGPOINTS such as this overlooked the Normandy beach-head. From this fort guns swept the beach, until Royal Navy shells silenced it. It was then used as an Allied command post. Immensely strong and well-equipped defence works, theoretically impregnable but hurriedly abandoned during our assault, are described in the story above. *Photo, Associated Press*

more ominous sound of ships grinding together.

Landing craft out of control pounded against us. Our anchors dragged, and we lost one. We, too, were drifting, and before we could tackle the situation the ship was flung heavily on a sandy bottom and pounded by a terrifying surf. In another second we would have been rolled over, a plaything of the storm, but just in time we managed to get our engines going and headed for deeper water. The appalling sight of the beach in the dreary grey of the morning told its own tale of craft that had piled together and been ground to matchwood. Feverish salvage work was going on all round, and most remarkable of all, when we reached our appointed anchorage next afternoon, the laborious process of keeping the Army supplied had not been brought to a standstill.

Still, angry seas were flinging the small craft up and down the sides of the big ships from which they were taking cargoes in slings. It was a feat of seamanship to get these small fellows alongside without getting them smashed. It was another to get them loaded, and yet another to get the cargoes ashore. But despite the combined heroism of thousands of men, the supplies came ashore all too slowly. The tonnage landed that day was small.

It was decided that the next day—whether the weather abated or not—our giant landing ships would go in "taking all risks," and land direct on to the storm-swept and wreck-cluttered beaches. It was realized that this would probably mean a dead loss of these ships, for it was doubtful if they could ever be refloated in a seaworthy condition after the pounding they would receive.

Fortunately, the wind died down after 3½ days, and on Thursday morning our whole invasion coast lay lapped in a glassy sea. Unloading went on apace, though not all the damage could be put right at once. The serious aspect was the 3½ days' delay in passing cargoes to France. It took several days of intense activity to make good the depleted dumps ashore. A north-easterly gale of such ferocity—it blew in 70 m.p.h. gusts—is not recalled within the memory of the most experienced Channel pilots, and blowing, as it did, straight into the Baie de la Seine, it piled up such a sea that all calculations of tides were confounded.

UNLOADING AMMUNITION INTO A LANDING CRAFT, one of the first to reach the Normandy shore on D-Day. The gigantic flow of supplies continued despite almost insuperable difficulties, including one of the worst Channel gales in living memory; how this brought us to near-disaster in the third week of the campaign, when the beaches were crying out for ammunition, is told in the story commencing in the previous page. *Photo, P.N.A.*

We Broke Through the Hills Around Cherbourg

Twenty days after the initial assault, Cherbourg fell to the Allies. It was at 3.30 on the afternoon of June 24, 1944, that American troops saw for the first time the city spread out below, and here a war correspondent gives his impressions of the momentous occasion. Alan Moorehead's story is published here by arrangement with the Daily Express.

It was an uplifting moment. We could see the buildings fringing the water's edge, the warehouses along the docks, and beyond this, in the calm sea, the outer concrete breakwaters of the harbour. All the green land between us and the sea—about a mile—was swarming with Germans. They brought us to a sudden halt on the road by firing almost point-blank out of a stone farmhouse. On the right they kept up a running fight through the undergrowth with machine-guns.

DEEP UNDERGROUND TUNNELS in the German defence system of Cherbourg had entrances such as seen here. In the background an Allied soldier examines a captured mortar. *Photo, Planet News*

And on the left, just as I was watching with my glasses, a thicket of trees suddenly opened up with great trailing balls of fire coming towards us. These were the German rockets. As their phosphorus burned away the air was filled with a breath-taking noise, a sort of whirling and tearing, and a second later the farmyard below us disappeared in walls of dust and smoke. About the same time half an acre of ground half a mile away appeared to rear itself slowly and lazily in the air until it formed an immense mushroom of smoke and the noise of the explosion came rushing across the fields at us.

We were pinned down on a sunken road under almost continuous rifle and machine-gun fire. It kept hitting with vicious little whacks against the piled-up earth beneath the hedge. So long as we did not bob up above the level of the embankment we were perfectly safe there in the strong June sunlight. The embankment was four feet thick and those shots that missed simply whizzed by harmlessly overhead.

Some of the infantry slept oblivious of the noise and the presence of the enemy in the next field. Some brewed coffee. Some edged up the hedge nearer and nearer to the Germans. The American general, who looks like a successful business man, was striding about, highly delighted with it all. "Come on," he called to us, "if you want a good view, go up that hill." All around us was the recent wreckage of battle: a group of dummy German guns made out of saplings, the still warm German dead lying at their foxholes, a burning cowshed, the dead beasts in the fields among the torn telephone lines, and the litter of mess-tins and empty meat cans scattered up the road.

A haze began to drift over Cherbourg towards the evening when the Americans advanced for their last run down to the sea. It had been as balanced and as decisive a break-through as any I have seen in this war—the power of the offensive machine against fixed positions. Coming up to the Regimental Command post one could feel the sense of expectancy and eagerness among the staff officers. The colonel said, "I think we are going to have better luck today."

He selected a good observation point for us on his map, and added: "Right now there is a German ack-ack gun on it firing at

our forward troops, but we will have it within an hour for you. Just wait till I get the artillery to dump something on it." He picked up his telephone, and presently the dumping began. While we were waiting the colonel explained that little knots of Germans had been by-passed in our rear and had been holding out for three days. "But, hell," he said, "you don't go any place unless you by-pass." All this took place under the low branches of an apple orchard in full leaf, and there were with us a couple of British Guards officers who had come up to see the fight.

Midday was zero hour, and as it struck, the colonel picked up his telephone and told his general: "We are all ready to go!"

Then it started. There was no great barrage, no cloud of aircraft, no great noise. The infantry simply vanished into the forest with the sound of the light, quick coughing of their machine-guns. Yet the next six hours were packed with more incident than I can put down here. At the start a French irregular came up to my jeep with a Russian in civilian clothes. He wanted the Russian shot as a spy. But we managed to dissuade him and pushed on.

Within an hour we had gone clean through the main German perimeter. On either side of the lane there were deep concrete dugouts with many abandoned enemy guns—places with running hot and cold water and electric lights. The hedges and trees were badly damaged by blast and the German dead lay spaced along the roadside ditches. About 4,000 yards from the city limits we came on the main German encampment, with some 20 or 30 camouflaged barracks sunk beneath the surface and linked with underground concrete passageways.

Some 400 Germans were holding on here, but they fled in panic as the Americans burst through the trees. A dozen shuddering and frightened horses stampeded about the sloping parade ground. In the officers' quarters and the storehouses we found cases of brandy and tubs of butter, many radio sets, big stacks of office equipment, bottles of eau-de-Cologne and such an array of toilet things that you might think the German effeminate if you did not know him. And so we came through the outer defences of Cherbourg to the hills above the city—the infantry feeling their way along the hedges, the jeeps and the guns slowly trundling up the roads.

SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF GERMANS who surrendered in the arsenal of Cherbourg march through the captured town to a prisoners-of-war cage, as "guests" of the Allies for the duration of the war. A statue of Napoleon in the background stares stonily at the procession. Fall of the arsenal was announced on June 27, 1944. *Photo, Planet News*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JUNE 21, Wednesday *1,754th day*

Western Front.—Allies occupied Valognes in Cherbourg Peninsula.

Air.—Over 1,000 British-based bombers attacked Berlin area and with Mustang fighter escort flew on to Russian base.

Pacific.—Aircraft of Eastern Fleet struck at Port Blair, capital of Andamans.

JUNE 22, Thursday *1,755th day*

Western Front.—Encirclement of Cherbourg almost complete; heavy fighting continued in Tilly area.

Air.—Heavy bombers again attacked flying-bomb sites in Pas de Calais; at night R.A.F. bombed railway yards at Rheims and Laon.

Burma.—Whole of Kohima-Imphal road cleared of Japanese.

JUNE 23, Friday *1,756th day*

Western Front.—Pressure on Cherbourg defences increased.

Air.—Flying-bomb sites again attacked by heavy bombers; road and rail communications in France also bombed.

Mediterranean.—Allied bombers attacked Ploesti and Giurgiu, Rumania.

Russian Front.—New Soviet offensive launched round Vitebsk on central front.

Pacific.—U.S. carrier-borne aircraft attacked Iwo in Volcano Islands.

JUNE 24, Saturday *1,757th day*

Air.—Road and rail communications over wide area of France hit by Allied bombers; flying-bomb sites in Pas de Calais again attacked.

Pacific.—Guam and Rota Islands bombed by U.S. aircraft.

JUNE 25, Sunday *1,758th day*

Western Front.—British 2nd Army opened attack S.W. of Caen towards River Odon.

Air.—Allied heavy bombers attacked airfields and oil dumps in France.

Italy.—5th Army troops entered Piombino on west coast.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. made night attack on Shell Koolaz oil refinery near Budapest.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops breached defences covering Orsha and Bobruisk on central front.

JUNE 26, Monday *1,759th day*

Western Front.—Cherbourg fell to Allied troops; Gen. Schlieben and Adm. Hennecke captured.

Russian Front.—Vitebsk and Zhlobin captured by Soviet troops.

Mediterranean.—U.S. Russian-based bombers and fighters attacked oil plant at Drohobycz, Poland, and landed in Italy. Mediterranean-based bombers attacked oil refineries in Vienna area.

Italy.—Chiusi captured after bitter fighting.

Pacific.—U.S. warships bombarded Jap positions in Kuriles, and carrier-based aircraft attacked Marianas.

Burma.—Chindit and Chinese forces captured Mogaung, near Myitkyina.

China.—American air base at Hengyang, near Canton-Hankow railway, captured by Japanese.

JUNE 27, Tuesday *1,760th day*

Western Front.—Allied troops in Tilly-Caen area crossed Caen-Villers Bocage road.

Air.—Halifaxes bombed military installations in N. France; railway centres of Vitry-le-Francois and Vaires, east of Paris, also attacked. Rocket-carrying Typhoons demolished German Army Corps H.Q. south of Cherbourg Peninsula.

Mediterranean.—Military targets near Budapest, and railway yards at Brod, Yugoslavia, attacked by Allied bombers.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops occupied Orsha, south of Vitebsk.

General.—Following Ribbentrop's visit, Finnish Govt. declared for closer pact with Germany.

JUNE 28, Wednesday *1,761st day*

Western Front.—Allied armour and infantry crossed the river Odon.

Air.—Airfields near Laon and railway yards at Saarbrücken attacked by U.S. bombers; night attacks by R.A.F. on Metz and Blainville.

Mediterranean.—Italian-based bombers attacked oil refineries near Bucharest.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops forced the Dnieper and stormed Mogilev, east of Minsk.

General.—Philippe Henriot, Vichy Propaganda Minister, killed by French patriots.

JUNE 29, Thursday *1,762nd day*

Western Front.—Enemy resistance ceased at Maupertus airfield, Cherbourg.

Air.—U.S. bombers attacked many aircraft factories and oil plants in Germany; R.A.F. bombed flying-bomb sites.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Bobruisk, S.E. of Minsk.

JUNE 30, Friday *1,763rd day*

Air.—Airfields and road and rail communications in France attacked by R.A.F. and U.S. bombers; at night Mosquitoes bombed oil plant near Homberg, on the Rhine.

Russian Front.—In Minsk direction Soviet troops forced River Beresina on wide front.

General.—U.S. Govt. severed diplomatic relations with Finland.

JULY 1, Saturday *1,764th day*

Western Front.—Last enemy resistance ended in Cap de la Hague area of Cherbourg.

Air.—Liberators bombed flying-bomb sites in Pas de Calais; R.A.F. made night attacks on Western Germany.

Italy.—5th Army captured Cecina, S. of Leghorn.

Russian Front.—Borisov, strongpoint on approach to Minsk, stormed by Red Army.

Pacific.—Noemfoor Island, off Dutch New Guinea, bombed by U.S. aircraft and shelled by Allied warships.

General.—State of siege proclaimed in Copenhagen following Danish strikes.

JULY 2, Sunday *1,765th day*

Western Front.—Allied bridgehead across the Odon stood firm despite continuous enemy assault.

Air.—U.S. and R.A.F. bombers attacked flying-bomb sites in N. France.

Russian Front.—Minsk-Vilna and Minsk-Brest Litovsk railways cut by Soviet troops.

Mediterranean.—U.S. bombers attacked oil refineries and airfields near Budapest and railway yards in Yugoslavia.

Pacific.—U.S. troops landed on Noemfoor Island.

JULY 3, Monday *1,766th day*

Russian Front.—Minsk, capital of White Russia, captured by Soviet forces; street fighting in Polotsk to the north.

Italy.—French troops occupied Siena.

Air.—Allied medium bombers attacked enemy transport and munition dumps in Normandy.

Burma.—Ukhrul, Japanese base on Indo-Burmese frontier, captured by British 14th Army.

JULY 4, Tuesday *1,767th day*

Western Front.—Allied forces made two major attacks: in Caen area, Carpiquet captured by Canadians; in base of Cherbourg Peninsula U.S. forces advanced on La Haye du Puits.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked airfields in Paris area.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Polotsk and advanced to within 55 miles of Vilna.

General.—Copenhagen strike ended following concessions by Germans.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

June 23. *Gen. de Gaulle announced provisional French Government to continue the war.*

July 1. *German battleship Scharnhorst bombed at Kiel.*

July 3. *S.S. Arandora Star, taking German and Italian internees to Canada, sunk by U-boat.*

1941

July 1. *Germans captured Riga and reached the river Beresina.*

July 3. *Broadcast by Stalin calling for guerilla warfare and scorched earth policy in Russia.*

1942

June 21. *Japanese landed on Kiska in the Aleutian Islands.*

June 25. *Gen. Eisenhower made leader of U.S. forces in Europe.*

July 1. *Germans reached Alamein.*

1943

June 20-21. *Friedrichshafen attacked by R.A.F. Lancasters which flew on to North African bases.*

June 23-24. *R.A.F. shuttle-bombers raided Spezia from North Africa and returned to British bases.*

July 4. *General Sikorski, Polish C.-in-C., killed in air crash.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

SINCE the beginning of the P-plane bombardment of Southern England, the Germans have maintained as great a continuity of attack as possible by night and day. Anti-aircraft defences and fighters have taken an increasing toll of the crewless raiders, and the Prime Minister remarked on June 30, when visiting A.A. batteries with General Sir Frederick Pile (G.O.C.-in-C. A.A. Command), "It's a pity there were no Huns in them!"

So far official policy is still to maintain complete silence on the percentage of P-planes brought down by the defences. There must always be a balance between the harm done by careless gossip and the advantage gained in refusing the enemy accurate information, but in this case, when there are no aircrews to return to state where the bombs exploded, it must be more than usually difficult for the enemy to check up their results by photographic reconnaissance.

Whole areas would have to be photographed to discover where damage had occurred to built-up zones. But even this immense task of photography and subsequent assessment would not disclose the number of P-planes destroyed by the defences, for those that explode on open country at the end of a normal flight do not excavate the huge craters which so easily betray the explosions of ordinary bombs, and thus cannot be readily assessed even by expert photography.

THE most that photographic reconnaissance results can show is the percentage of hits in built-up areas. There seems to be no way for the enemy to discriminate between misses and P-planes destroyed. Obviously, the most efficient way to employ a battery of P-planes would be to have spotter aircraft over the target area, able to report results by radio as is done for gunnery shoots. Otherwise, the shooting of the P-plane battery must be blind. No doubt the fighter squadrons of Air Defence of Great Britain would welcome the chance of having a crack at German spotter planes over Southern England. And the policy of withholding information which might be useful to the P-plane batteries is certainly justifiable.

The Germans have given this weapon the term Vergeltungswaffe (reprisal weapon) with the abbreviation V1. It has now appeared in several varieties, with wing spans of 16 ft., 18 ft., 23 ft., and even up to about 30 ft. The first has a speed of nearly 400 m.p.h. and the second about 350. The 2,200 lb. of high-blast explosive contained in the warhead makes this weapon more powerful than a one-ton bomb whose total weight includes all the metal. Height of flight above the English coast has been about 2,500 ft. by day and rather lower by night.

APART from the fighter, gun and balloon defences against the P-plane, the bomber attacks against the launching platforms (now totalling 50,000 tons) have continued and sometimes significant periods of quiet followed these attacks. Moreover, while the bombers make the attacks the enemy cease launching P-planes. On the other hand, it is clear that this diversion of bombing effort from German cities to military targets behind the French coast must provide relief to hard-hit German industries and cities. But the growth of Allied shuttle-bombing must make it increasingly difficult for Germany to find safe sites for the manufacture of weapons. On June 21, U.S. Army 8th Air Force Fortress bombers from Britain attacked oil plants in Ruhrland, 50 miles south-east of Berlin, and other targets, and flew on to airfields behind the Central Russian front. They were escorted throughout by Mustang P-51B long-range fighters.

Previously (July 1943) British bombers from Britain attacked targets in Italy and landed in North Africa, repeating their attack on the return journey. In June 1944 U.S. bombers shuttle-bombed Rumania from airfields in Italy and Russia.

The strategic use of air power includes withholding attacks in addition to making them. This strategy was used at Beda Fomm by General Wavell's Army of the Nile. It was used again by General Eisenhower in connexion with the invasion of Normandy. The plans to bomb the Loire bridges before the invasion were not put into use because, taken in conjunction with the bombing of the Seine bridges, they might have disclosed the probable zone of invasion. By D-Day all the Seine railway bridges were down. the Loire bridges were then made the first object of attack, and all were quickly brought down, disrupting all rail traffic from the south of France to Normandy. These actions greatly hampered the movements of German troops and made it necessary for German tanks to be brought up to the fighting zone on their own tracks, to the detriment of the mechanism through wear and tear.

FLIGHT-SGT. M. ROSE, of Glasgow, who shot down the first flying bomb (P-plane) in daylight draws a sketch for the benefit of an Intelligence Officer and fellow fighter-pilots. See also illus. p. 158. *Photo, British Official*

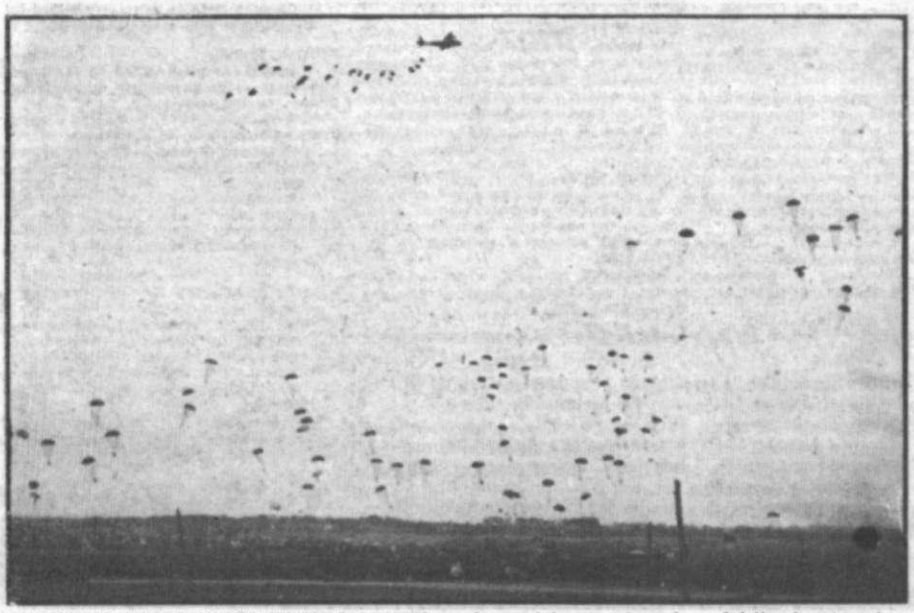
GERMAN Tanks Blasted by Lancasters in Normandy

The strategic bombers of Bomber Command have also been thrown into the fighting in Normandy. After the fall of Cherbourg the troops of the British 2nd Army that crossed the river Odon were fiercely counter-attacked by enemy forces, including many tanks. In the afternoon of June 30 Bomber Command sent a force of 250 Lancaster night bombers, heavily escorted by fighters, to the aid of the 2nd Army. In the space of a few minutes they dropped more than 1,000 tons of bombs on Villers Bocage and a restricted wooded area where enemy tanks were concealed—part of June's 56,000 tons.

In Normandy, too, tactics similar to those used successfully in the Pacific against Japanese ships were used against the German army. A Typhoon squadron skittle-bombed a German Corps H.Q. in a château at St. Sauveur Endelin. The bombs were released at zero feet and disappeared into the house, which thereupon disappeared too.

Towards the end of June the Luftwaffe began to offer more opposition on the Normandy front. Allied pilots reported increasing numbers of aircraft in the Chartres airfields area. But bombing, and attacks with rockets, cannon and machine-guns have pushed German air-bases far back from the fighting zone. As a result the Luftwaffe have been forced to construct new, small satellite fields from south of the Loire to Belgium and Holland to enable their aircraft to operate. Twenty-five German aircraft were destroyed over Normandy on June 29, a larger number than in the earlier days of the fighting.

THE raising of his score of victories to 33 brought Wing Commander J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (see illus. p. 29), one ahead of the R.A.F.'s previous highest scorer Group Capt. A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C. Although the present war has outlasted the duration of the last war, fighter-pilots' scores are notably lower. Nine pilots' scores equalled or bettered the current R.A.F. best. These were: Bishop 77, Mannock 73, McCudden 50, McElroy 41, Little 40, Fullard 39, Ball 38, Collishaw 38, Barker 33; five of these pilots won the V.C. and five survived the war. The only fighter-pilot who has won the V.C. in this war is Nicolson, who gained the decoration for bravery in an action in which he shot down his first opponent. In this war the majority of V.C. awards in the R.A.F. have gone to Bomber Command. Why?



SUPPLIES FOR TROOPS IN NORMANDY are dropped by parachute from Stirling bombers in response to a radio request from an airborne division. The vastness of the scope of operations of the R.A.F., the closeness of its co-operation with our ground forces, and the lack of enemy interference in this enterprise are suggested here by the great number of parachute supplies being sent down over an extensive area. *Photo, British Official*

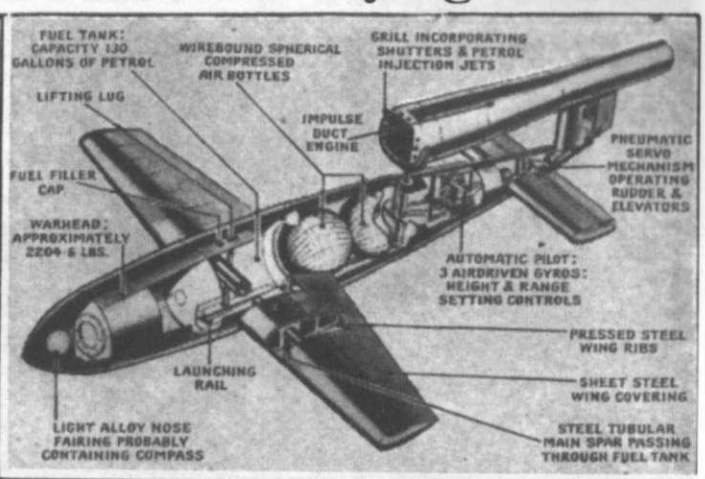
Casualties Carried by R.A.F. Transport Command

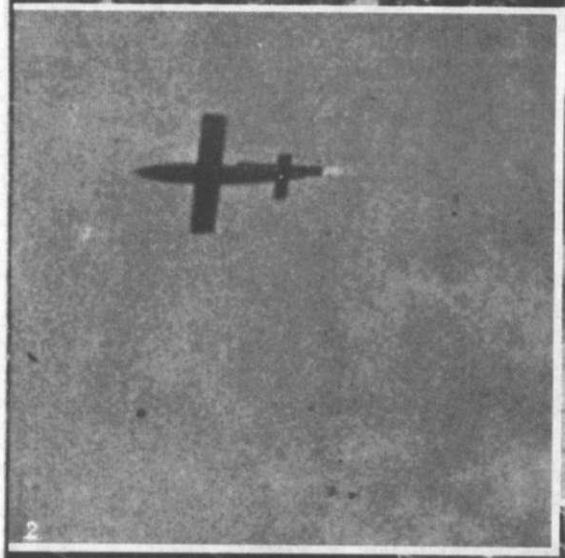
SPEED SAVES THE LIVES of very many Allied wounded on the various battle fronts. In six days aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command, flying to Normandy with beach-head supplies, returned home with over 1,000 casualties for immediate hospital treatment.

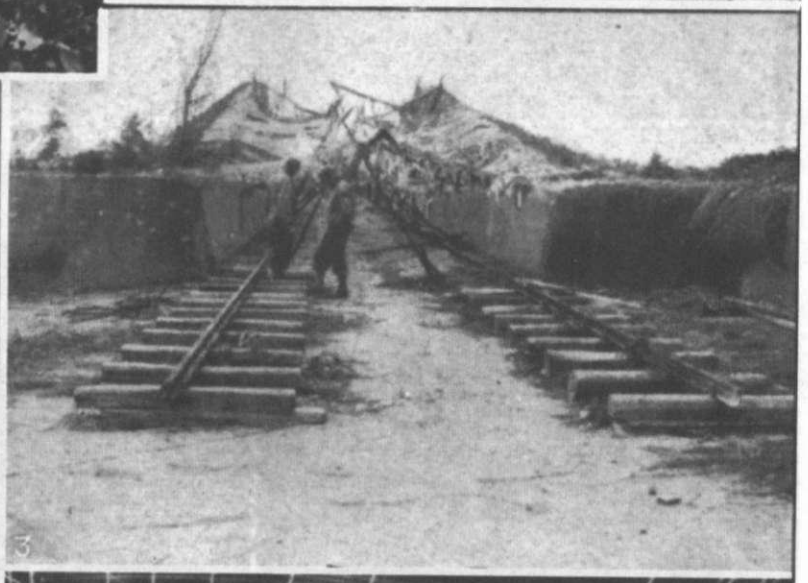
Planes ready for the return journey are prepared to receive the wounded (1); in the foreground one of the fighter escort awaits the signal to take off. A waiting casualty wins the sympathy of a French dog (2). A soldier's injured foot has been bandaged in readiness for the journey by a W.A.A.F. nursing orderly (3), who will also attend to patients in the air; the first W.A.A.F. medical orderlies arrived by plane in France on June 13, 1944. From a motor ambulance a stretcher case is lifted into the aircraft (4); a swift cross-Channel flight and the men will be in England.

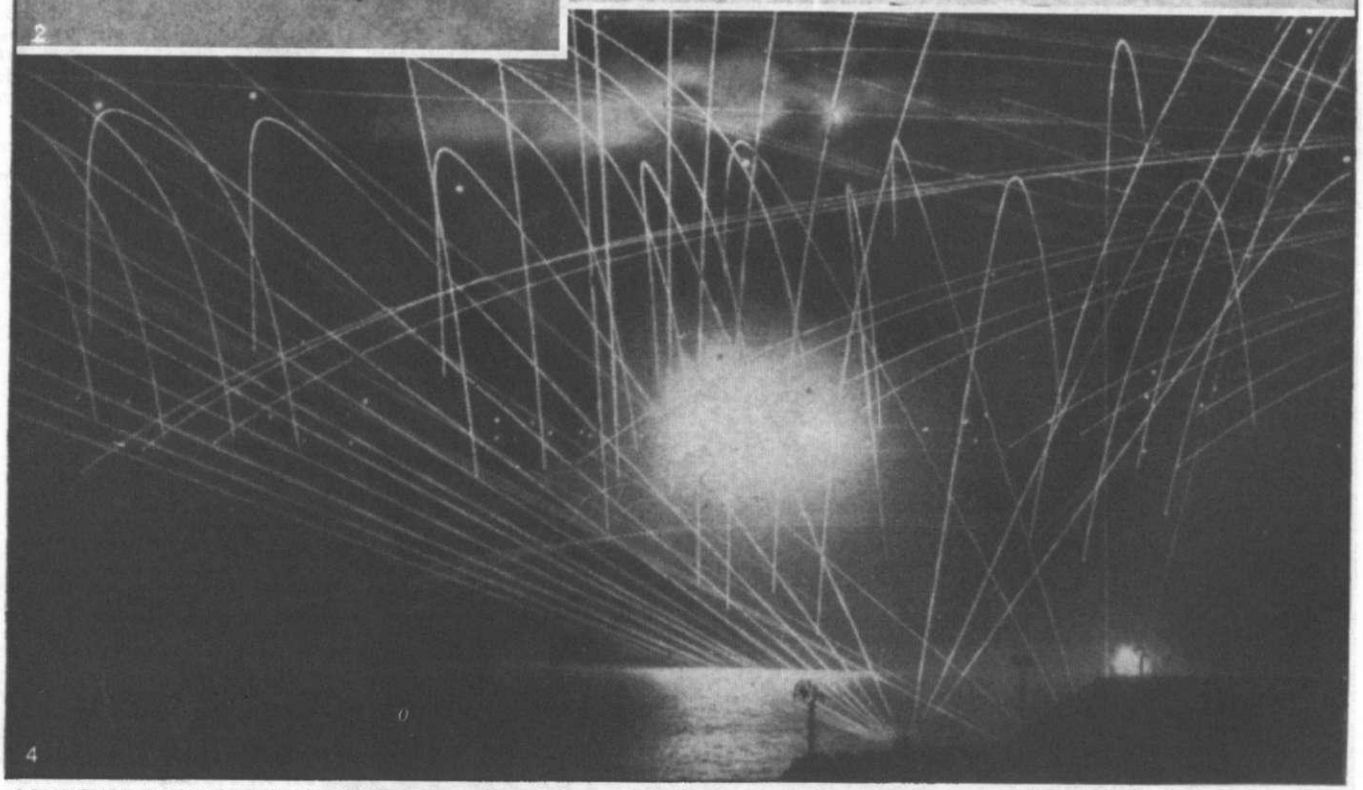
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright: Associated Press

Southern England Attacked with Flying Bombs


FUEL TANK: CAPACITY 130 GALLONS OF PETROL
WIREBOUND SPHERICAL COMPRESSED AIR BOTTLES
GRILL INCORPORATING SHUTTERS & PETROL INJECTION JETS
LIFTING LUG
IMPULSE DUCT ENGINE
PNEUMATIC SERVO MECHANISM OPERATING RUDDER & ELEVATORS
FUEL FILLER CAP
WARHEAD: APPROXIMATELY 2204·6 LBS.
AUTOMATIC PILOT: 3 AIRDRIVEN GYROS: HEIGHT & RANGE SETTING CONTROLS
PRESSED STEEL WING RIBS
LAUNCHING RAIL
SHEET STEEL WING COVERING
LIGHT ALLOY NOSE FAIRING PROBABLY CONTAINING COMPASS
STEEL TUBULAR MAIN SPAR PASSING THROUGH FUEL TANK







LAUNCHED MAINLY AGAINST LONDON from bases in France, flying bombs or pilotless planes (sectional drawing, top right) totalled 2,754 up to 6 a.m. on July 6, 1944. Many were intercepted and shot down by R.A.F. fighters. This one (1) started its 350 m.p.h. journey (2) from a camouflaged launching base in the Pas de Calais, similar to several captured near Cherbourg by the Allies (3). Caught in a network of tracer shells, bullets, searchlights and flak, another flashes to extinction—blown up by gunfire (4). See also p. 156.

Editor's Postscript

NOT so many people are coming forward this year to promise help in bringing in the harvest. Partly this may be due to the cold weather of May and June. Most folks are liable to think conditions will go on being whatever they happen to be at the moment. If it rains, they say "We are in for a rainy summer." If the wind blows from the north with a razor-edge to it, when it ought to be soughing warmly from the south-west, they anticipate months of it. There is just as much chance that August will be very hot as that the inclemency of spring and early summer will continue. But there is another reason lessening the response to the appeal for workers in the field. This is that many of the younger men and girls who harvested last year supposed that they would get a holiday with lots of time to themselves and nothing very strenuous to do when they were on duty. They found out their mistake and were disappointed when they could not "make whoopee" as they had expected. That is what one of the field-workers has been telling me. She adds that for those who take it in the right spirit no holiday could be healthier or more enjoyable, as well as valuable to the country and our great Cause.

I AM told that a good many Dutch army officers and business men in Holland were believers in Nazism as a system of government, but I cannot think that they are of the same opinion still. The same used to be said, with more truth I fancy, of Swedish military and commercial men, for, according to people who have lately been in Sweden, this pro-Nazi feeling has by no means disappeared. They certainly were on the side of the Germans in the First Great War. The Swedish aristocracy and upper middle class are inclined to domination. There is a story in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's Vailima Letters about trouble in a South Sea Island. Some native chiefs had been imprisoned for stirring it up and it was feared that a rescue might be attempted. A young Swedish officer, who was in command of the small international force stationed there to keep order, proposed to store dynamite in the gaol and blow it up if any attempt were made to get the prisoners out. He actually secured enough explosive to do this. Stevenson was highly indignant. Public feeling was aroused, the risk to the whole community was realized, and the plan was ruled out. But it was a pointer to the sort of way that young Swedes had been taught to think.

"THE more things change, the more do they remain," says the paradoxical French proverb, with characteristic French love of literary epigram. It is a proverb frequently proved to be true. Mankind is like the pointer to a weighing machine, which swings away to the left as you weigh yourself and, as soon as you get off, swings back again to its abiding-place. See what is happening in Russia. First a tremendous upheaval. Everything in the melting-pot. "Never be the same again," said the wiseacres. But watch what happens. A little while ago religion was brought out and dusted and set up again to be practised without hindrance or even discouragement. Now horse-racing has been restored to its place among popular entertainments. It would not be surprising to see Stalin become sovereign. Oliver Cromwell nearly became king, not because he wanted a crown and sceptre—far from it—but because monarchy was the only form of government the mass of the English people at that date could understand. For all practical purposes Stalin is Tsar already, and a far more competent one than Russia ever had before, as well as far more anxious for the welfare of his nation as a whole. If it seemed desirable—at present it does not—that the title should be added, I fancy no objection would be raised—though the title would probably not be that of Tsar.

MUCH surprise has been expressed about the quantities of food found by our troops in Normandy. But if the Highlands of Scotland were to be invaded, the invaders would be equally astonished to find people there eating so much better than they do in our cities and towns and even in most villages. I have had a letter from someone enjoying a holiday in the foothills of the Cairngorm Mountains. "We get any amount of cream," he says, "and really more eggs than can be good for us. Yesterday, counting the puddings and sauces made with them, we reckoned we consumed half-a-dozen each." You may say, "Ah, yes, the Black Market!" Not at all. The explanation is simply that in the village there are so many cows and so many chickens, and the spot is so remote from a railway, that the local produce must be consumed on the spot. That is also the reply to ill-natured people who say the Normans must have been food hoarding. They used to supply other parts of France, especially Paris, with the produce of their fruitful soil. As it can't be taken away by rail or road, it stays there. And the troops get the benefit of it, I am glad to say.

HERE is an illustration of the way in which languages grow. I first heard the word "maquis" when I was sailing in the Mediterranean many years ago and noticed a very agreeable scent in the air. I was told we were near Corsica and that all over the island grow flowering perfumed shrubs. They were what I could smell out at sea. Later when I landed and walked about the place I came to love the maquis as much as one loves the South African veld with its scent of mimosa so heavy in the hot air. It must be a local word, for I cannot find it in French dictionaries; but it cropped up a year or so back in the news about the French partisans in the mountains of their homeland. They were then termed "the men of the maquis." They have become maquis themselves (see article and illustrations in p. 150), and no doubt the word will remain with us, meaning "guerilla troops who fight in wooded districts." Only purists who would like languages to be cut-and-dried products of pedantry will raise any complaint. Lots of words in every language have originally meant something other than what they now mean. Any language that becomes stiff and stereotyped is already half dead.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR MILES DEMPSEY, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., commander of the British 2nd Army, comprising all the British troops in France, led the famous 13th Corps of the 8th Army in N. Africa, Sicily, and Italy. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

A SYMPATHIZER with my lament over the doggerel issued by a Government Office about fish and exhibited in fishmongers' shops, sends me these wretched lines which he saw in an omnibus:

Sprightly Stephen thinks awhile,
Then climbs to Top Deck with a smile,
Leaving the Lower Deck for fares
Of folk who cannot tackle stairs.

For seventy years we have been trying to educate the masses—that is, to give them some sense of literary form, to supply them with a standard for judging between decent English and illiterate drivel. We have failed so completely that it seems to be time we tried some other method of mind-cultivation. For, mark you, it is not merely that the products of elementary schools tolerate rhymes of this character. These are produced and put up in public places by those who manage omnibus companies and by those who are in charge of Government Offices. These people have in all probability been at secondary and perhaps at "public" schools, yet they have no feeling for literary values whatever. Why not drop education on literary lines and teach boys and girls to use their hands, make them study machines, train them by engineering courses? It might give better results.

LIFE is a series of surprises. Most people are surprised when they find themselves married. Children, when they come, cause unexpected wonderment by all they do and say. Discovering that we have grown old is a surprise. Dying may be—we don't know—the greatest surprise of all. Certainly every war that has been fought since long-range weapons and fast-moving vehicles were invented has upset all the plans made by military commanders. It was supposed that this war would be like the last one; it has turned out completely different. The sort of fighting that goes on now in France and Italy suits young men of spirit far better than sitting in trenches and occasionally labouring across no man's land to take part in a big attack. It gives opportunity for individual exploits, for initiative and ingenuity. It gives the private soldier more exciting work to do, and it is more dangerous to generals than war used to be. Half a dozen have been killed on the enemy side in Normandy.

North Italy: a Wave in the Permanent Way

BEARING WITNESS TO THE ACCURACY of Allied bombing of enemy rail communications in Northern Italy is this twisted section of a main line which received a direct hit; on the left can be seen a derailed tanker wagon. Speeding up the rate of our drive far beyond Rome were special mixed task forces composed of tanks and mechanized infantry; by July 5, 1944, they were heading north-west of Perugia (captured on June 20 by the 8th Army) towards the city of Florence.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

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